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Frances Fink



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# Personal Mention

► Just returned to the United States on the recent exchange voyage of the *Grips-holm*, **Thomas Kernan** tells of *Catholics in Naziland*. He was a member of the American diplomatic group kidnapped in France by the Germans and interned in Germany. Born in Roanoke, Virginia, Mr. Kernan went to Georgetown and took his master's degree from the same university. In 1925 he joined the publishing staff of Condé Nast. In 1937 he was assigned to Paris as publisher of the French *Vogue* and Vice President of *Jardins des Modes*.

► **Edwin A. Lahey** has been in newspaper work since 1927, and is now a reporter and columnist for the *Chicago Daily News* in its Washington office. Since his coverage of the big strikes in 1937, he has become a labor expert. He was one of the nine newspapermen chosen for the first Nieman Fellowship awards at Harvard in 1938. Born in Chicago, he attended the parochial schools in that city. He has had a wide variety of jobs until he found his chosen field—newspaper work. In his article in this issue, *Some Unions Can Boast*, he is treating of his specialty—labor.

► Since the publication of his most recent book, *The Russian Enigma*, much interest has been aroused in the writings of **William Henry Chamberlin**. For eighteen years he was abroad as a foreign correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. Twelve of these years were spent in Russia. Born in Brooklyn, he was graduated from Haverford College. At the present time he is lecturing at both Haverford and the Harvard School of Overseas Administration. Articles of his have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *American Mercury*, *Harper's*, the *Yale Review*, etc.

► **Brassil Fitzgerald** returns this month with another Grandpa Casey story, *The Man Is Not Yours*. His stories have appeared in the *Catholic World*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and others. When the last war broke out, he was a sophomore at Boston College. He became a private in the Fighting Irish Ninth of the 26th Division. After the war he was graduated from the University of Arizona and took his M.A. at Stanford. After a period of teaching at the Universities of Utah and Montana, he has devoted himself to writing.

# THE Sign



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# Editorial

## Others Have Rights

**M**ANY Americans are manifesting an intolerant attitude toward certain neutral and nonbelligerent nations. Secretary of State Hull's recent radio address made it evident that our foreign policy is following such a course.

We have been exerting pressure on Eire to dismiss the German and Japanese diplomatic corps, and on Spain to stop shipments of wolfram to Germany, although both of these countries have been acting entirely within their rights as neutrals under international law.

It is, of course, proper for us to attempt to secure the co-operation of these nations in matters that affect our interests. But we must remember that they have a right to maintain their neutrality.

They have this right to neutrality even though we may be convinced, as Secretary Hull says, "that upon our victory hangs their very existence and freedom as independent nations." That our victory may have such an effect is purely accidental as far as we are concerned. We are not fighting for them any more than England was fighting for us in 1940 or Russia in 1941.

**W**E are sometimes told that in this war there can be no neutrals, that he who is not with us is against us. In fact, President Wilson made the statement that in the next war there would be no neutrals. This would have been true if Wilson's idea of a league of nations as a universal international organization had been realized, as neutrality and a league of nations are mutually exclusive. The right to neutrality is based on the concept of the complete sovereignty of individual states, while a league of nations is based on the idea of international solidarity.

It is well to remember that we Americans refused to join the League or to give up one iota of our sovereign rights, and our practice has followed our principles.

**I**N view of these circumstances it is extremely bad taste, to say the least, for Americans to lecture others on neutrality or to attempt to force them to abandon their neutral status. If a sovereign nation has no right to neutrality, if the issues in this war are so clear and so sacred as to impose a moral obligation on all to join in the fight, then the neutrals may well ask why

Uncle Sam had to be kicked into the war at the toe of Hirohito's boot.

This intolerant attitude can be more than merely annoying; it can have serious consequences. Take the case of Argentina. There has been a rapid succession of governments in that country, the latest of which is that of President Farrell. Up to the time of writing we have refused to recognize this government, although it is our practice to recognize any government that is actually ruling a country, because recognition does not mean approval.

It is entirely within our rights to refuse recognition to this particular regime. But is it wise? We are recognizing other dictatorships all over the world; in fact we are closely allied with the most absolute dictatorship of modern times—that of Joseph Stalin. Our course of action is an unfriendly act toward what is actually—whether we like it or not—the government of Argentina. Nonrecognition is an open declaration to the Argentine people that we would like them to replace their present government—something which they themselves might like to do—but not at our behest.

**T**HE result of this policy may well be a crack in what in recent years has been a solid inter-American front. While most of the Latin American countries are following our lead, Bolivia, Chile, and Paraguay are taking a different course. In view of the fact that inter-American unity has been achieved at the cost of so much effort, is it wise to sacrifice it over what is really Argentina's own domestic affair?

It should be easy for us Americans to apply the golden rule to our dealings with others. We are quick to resent unwanted advice or undue pressure from outsiders. Other people are just as sensitive on these points. A due respect for the rights and feelings of others will pay dividends in good will—and in the years ahead we shall find that friends are an invaluable asset.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*





# Current FACT AND COMMENT

VICE PRESIDENT Wallace has been raising a cry against what he calls "American Fascists." In answer to a request to define what he means by such a creature, the Vice President wrote

## "American Fascists"

an article for the *New York Times Magazine*. The article is not very important in itself, but it is interesting as an illustration of a very bad and dangerous habit that has become widespread in the discussion of economic and social questions. We refer to the tactic of using labels, catchwords, and shibboleths instead of solid arguments. We have become accustomed to this on the part of left-wing agitators who try to crush anyone who disagrees with them by loudly and persistently crying "Fascist." It is surprising to find a high public official, who should weigh well such a serious accusation as he makes, falling into the same over-simplification of issues.

Who are the "American Fascists"? According to one definition given by Mr. Wallace there are several million and at least several hundred thousand according to another definition. It is all very vague, for he says that this terrible evil is not restricted to "any single section, class, or religion." In spite of this vagueness, or rather because of it, he manages to convey the impression that the dangerous Americans are isolationists who somehow are also imperialists, business leaders, "young Wall Streeters," and particularly the officials of chemical companies who will betray America for the sake of cartels. The suspicions of Mr. Wallace cannot be allayed by support of the war effort, for such "Fascists" are merely paying lip service to democracy for their own selfish ends. And so on and so on. When you finish the article you are still looking for a definite criterion to identify the "American Fascist," unless you are willing to accept for this purpose Mr. Wallace's economic prejudices.

"Many people," he writes, "whose patriotism is their proudest boast play Hitler's game by retailing distrust of our allies and by giving currency to snide suspicions without foundation in fact." But what of "retailing distrust" and "giving currency to snide suspicions without foundation in fact" of our fellow Americans? Since this article is not based on any solid facts and can succeed only in creating an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust, it is strange that Mr. Wallace does not seem to be aware that he makes a cap to fit himself.

CONSIDERABLE publicity has been given the Patriarch Sergius' challenge or, better, denial of a fundamental doctrine of Catholic teaching. Sergius repudiates the authority of the

## The Russian Church and the Pope

Pope as Christ's Vicar on earth. What is surprising about what otherwise might be considered a passing incident is that news dispatches seem to imply that this denial is something new. Historically, it is about as old as Christianity in Russia. The revival of the controversy, coming as it does when the Communist press is waging a

vicious campaign against the Pope, makes one wonder if it has not more political than religious significance.

A brief sketch of the background of this situation will throw light on the attitude of Sergius. The Russians did not embrace Christianity until the tenth century. The early missionaries were under the Patriarch of Constantinople, and that See continued to exercise jurisdiction over Christians in Russia. When the Patriarchate of Constantinople broke with Rome, the schism was promoted successfully in Russia. This schism was based on the denial of the primacy of Peter and the consequent rejection of the supreme authority of the successors of Peter. This is just what Sergius says, and there is nothing new about it.

THE capture of Constantinople by the Turks and the marriage of Ivan III with Princess Zoe aroused in the Russians the ambition of taking the place of the vanished Byzantine

## Patriarchate of Moscow

Empire. The Russians no longer wished to be subject to a Patriarch who was in the power of the infidels, and the idea of an absolutely independent National Church made headway. This was realized in 1589 when the all-powerful government minister, Boris Godunoff, wrung from Jeremias II, Patriarch of Constantinople, the establishment of a Patriarchate in Moscow. This was the beginning of the office which Sergius holds today. Note the date 1589. Rather late in the history of Christianity.

There is no need at present to detail the stormy history of the Moscow Patriarchate with its suppression in 1723 by Peter the Great in order to bring the Russian Church more completely under the control of the Czar and its revival during the revolution in 1917. We shall merely mention that the present holder of the title has made some kind of settlement with the Communists, and his recognition as Patriarch has been made a major point of propaganda in promoting the notion that the Soviet permits freedom of religion.

Sergius personally, no doubt, is a religious man. He is also in a most difficult position, with the civil government of Russia what it is in matters of religion. Yet we cannot help seeing in his present attitude an unfortunate inheritance from those who cut Russia off from the center of Christian unity centuries ago. Sergius says that Our Lord's promise, "I am with you always," leaves no doubt that Christ will always be spiritually with the Church. That is true, but was there not another promise which implies a different idea of a Church than that in the background of the Patriarch's thought? "And I say to thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." This is a visible church recognizable by St. Ambrose's formula: "Where Peter is, there is the Church."

ONE of the most hopeful signs on the domestic horizon is the setting aside of a week for national dedication to that unit of society that is closest to every man's well-being—the family.

### National Family Week, May 7-14

From May 7 to May 14 inclusive will be celebrated National Family Week. Throughout the country various religious and patriotic groups will conduct

parallel programs during these eight days in order to focus the eyes of the nation on just how important the family really is, not only in American life but in the existence of any state. The Office of Civilian Defense is particularly interested in this project in behalf of the family and is trying to foster community-wide observances.

National Family Week is sponsored by the various churches under the committee of the Reverend Harry C. Munro of Chicago, representing the Federal Council of Churches, the Reverend Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., of Washington, representing the National Catholic Conference on Catholic Family Life, and Rabbi Ahron Opher of New York, representing the Synagogue Council of America.

Precisely because family life finds itself in such a dreadful condition due to the dislocation consequent on war—broken families, defense-working mothers, well-nigh parentless children—and also due to the perennial propaganda that has no connection with the war—"planned parenthood" gossamers, divorce-mill clients, abortion racketeers, et al.—it is of the utmost urgency that all America be aroused to awareness of the grim fact that family life is threatened—threatened in no vague, nebulous fashion. It is not enough to crash our national complacency in this matter. At the same time an appreciation of the value of our American homes must be awakened. Only then can we be aroused to readiness to fight, if need be, to recover and preserve that which makes a house a home through the alchemy of love—the family.

Well could President Roosevelt write to Dr. Schmiedeler on this enterprise: "Our homes are outstanding among the mainsprings of our civilization. The old spirit of the home must by all means be safeguarded; the family sense of the nation must by all means be kept healthy and vigorous. Always deserving of primary consideration, there is particular need for focusing attention on the family and its needs during these trying and disturbed times of war. May the observance of National Family Week this year result in an increased reverence and respect for the American home. May it invite God's blessing in a special manner on the American family."

It was in 1917 that the British Foreign Office announced that "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people,

### The Zionist Movement And America

and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object." Known as the Balfour Declaration, since it was Lord Balfour, then Foreign Secretary, who issued it, perhaps no declaration the British Government has ever made has caused more headaches. Although it has been pointed out time and again that a "home" and not a political commonwealth was promised, still the Balfour Declaration is the Atlantic Charter of political Zionism. It is this political Zionism that is bringing tremendous pressure to bear on our Government to implicate itself in obtaining Palestine for the Jews, despite the British White Paper of 1939 limiting Jewish immigration. Such pressure that were it not for Secretary of War Stimson's request based on a matter of war policy, the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House would have introduced a resolution to put Congress on record as approving further immigration of Jews into Palestine and the eventual establishment of a Jewish commonwealth. Two weeks before, a similar resolution in the

Senate was shelved because of objections raised by General Marshall. Nevertheless, the President has allowed himself to be quoted as backing a Palestine-for-refugee-Jews plan.

It is a question charged with dynamite, and one that in our opinion demands most careful consideration by the American public and their elected representatives before we become involved in a foreign commitment we have neither inclination nor means to implement.

In these days when Jews are being persecuted more than any other race, the natural sympathy for their plight that is aroused in every decent heart is all too apt to becloud the issue. The distinction between the humanitarian and the political aspect cannot be too strongly emphasized. On merely humanitarian grounds we should all agree that it is a disgrace that more has not been done to help the four million Jews in Europe who are still alive. Places of refuge must be provided for them. This is not merely an American, but an international responsibility.

But to conclude from this basis of agreement that Palestine ought therefore be made a National Jewish State is to switch from a merely humanitarian objective and to enter upon political fields. How any objective-minded person can ignore the Arab inhabitants of Palestine and their fundamental rights is difficult to understand. As a result of Jewish immigration the Arabs outnumber the Jews only two to one. Before the Zionist influx the ratio was ten to one. Naturally the Arabs resent these European strangers, resent them bitterly. For centuries they have lived in Palestine. Jerusalem is their holy city too. The great El Aksa Mosque, which dates from the eighth century, stands where the Jewish Temple stood before its destruction in 70 A.D. This mosque is sacred to the whole Moslem world. The Arabs fear a Jewish-controlled Palestine; not just the Palestinian Arabs, but all from the Arab lands east of Palestine as far as Iraq. The Zionist movement has meant bloodshed in the past. It is certain to cause more in the future. It is this that America is asked to become a partner to in subscribing to the Palestine Jewish Homeland movement.

If there has to be a Jewish homeland, Palestine is not the answer. The Italian solution was the island of Madagascar. Certainly Madagascar is a more fruitful land than Palestine, and it has only 175 persons to the square mile. But Madagascar also has an indigenous population, who, like the Arabs, should have something to say in the matter. Herbert Hoover once suggested fertile, unpopulated lands in central Africa as a site for a Jewish homeland. This might reasonably be the answer. But political Zionists want Palestine. The question before Americans is: are we willing to embroil our country in the establishment of a Jewish nation in an Arab land and to protect it by force from the dispossessed owners? Just what can be gained by removing Jews from the prejudices of Europe only to place them in an environment equally hostile?

### Another War Casualty

Up to the present it has been our practice to send an extra copy of the magazine after expiration of subscription. This was done so that those who were late in renewing their subscriptions would not miss a copy. The paper shortage makes it impossible for us to send this extra copy. We urgently request our subscribers to renew their subscriptions as early as possible in order to avoid any interruption in the reception of the magazine.

Please renew your subscription on first notice of expiration. This will not only help to conserve paper, but will eliminate the extra expense of repeated notices. A penny saved is a penny gained for the work of spreading Catholic literature and for the support of our heroic missionaries laboring in China.



Black Star photos

*Cardinal Faulhaber, typical of the bishops of Germany, continues to deny the untruths of Nazism*

## Catholics in Naziland

By THOMAS KERNAN

**F**ROM January 1943 to March 1944, I was a parishioner of the *Stiftskirche*, in the city of Baden, in Germany. Let me call attention to the place and to the dates: it is in the country of our enemy in the midst of war. The surrender of Stalingrad occurred in the first month of my stay, and the great bombings of Berlin were in the last.

My name appears on no parish register of the ancient, Gothic mother church of Baden, for I was one of a group of American diplomatic hostages interned in Baden. When we went to Mass a member of the Gestapo accompanied us to the door and was always waiting for us at the end of the service. But go to the *Stiftskirche* we did, Sunday

after Sunday, and in my life that has not been without its travels, I have seldom seen a parish where the services were more beautifully conducted, where the Masses were so filled to overflowing, where the music was more inspiring, the communions so large and so devout. The same thing is told me of other parishes, in all parts of Germany.

Perhaps this is not what you expect to hear about the Catholic Church in war-

**Just what do German Catholics think of the war? Of the Nazi atrocities? Of Russia?**

time Germany, because for years the Catholic press has been abolished, the Catholic organizations disbanded, the convent schools suppressed, religious instruction limited by annoying rules, abbey and monasteries closed on spurious charges. But it is the truth that there exists today a rich spiritual life in which the German family has turned in its anguish over its lost sons and in its forebodings for the future to the comfort and refuge of the ancient Church.

There is no reason to believe that this is merely an emotional wartime phenomenon. Through ten years of open or covert persecution the Catholic population of south Germany has remained extremely faithful and, if a few weak



souls have slipped away, there has been a corresponding strengthening in the devotion of those who have remained true. There have been compromises, perhaps, and necessary concessions for the sake of peace. The German hierarchy has lost many of those things that make for the full and perfect life of the Catholic community, but it has managed to retain the nucleus of it all: the churches themselves and the Sacraments.\*

It is now common knowledge that in the years from 1933 to 1939, the bishops of Germany fought constantly against the Nazi regime. They used whatever means of influence and of prestige that they possessed, for actual minority political power cannot exist in a totalitarian state. The names of the leading prelates, Cardinal Faulhaber, Bishop von Preysing, Bishop von Galen, and Archbishop Konrad Gröber of Freiburg, are familiar through many documents that reached us before the war.

But what is news of great importance is that, in wartime when the element of patriotism arises, and possible charges of subversion and treason might meet a misguided statement, the bishops of Germany *continue* to state their Christian principles, and continue to deny the

untruths of Nazism by all means at their disposal.

Their principal means is the pastoral letter, read from the pulpits of the Church. There, even the Gestapo has not yet dared to intervene. No copy of the pastorals may be printed or affixed or quoted in the written word. But from the pulpit, the last refuge of free speech in Germany, the Catholic pastors still read the letters of their bishops, stating in no uncertain terms the opposition of the Catholic Church to the heresies and restrictions of the all-powerful regime.

While I was in Baden one of these pastoral letters was read approximately every two months. We were in the Archdiocese of Freiburg and these were the letters of Konrad Gröber, Archbishop of Freiburg. Four of them made a special impression upon me.

One was a letter reviewing the handicaps of Catholic education in Germany. An ancient privilege, that of catechism classes in the public schools, conducted by a priest or nun who visited the school, risked being withdrawn. It was only here in Baden that the privilege had survived so long; elsewhere in Germany the children had to go, in their spare time, to the parish house. The Archbishop de-

clared, in effect, "how stupid is the regime that does not realize that the best bulwark against the Bolshevism that Germany fears, is the Christian education of Germany's children."

A second letter protested against a new ruling that, in case a child were dying in a public hospital, a priest could not be sent for to administer baptism. Every Catholic was reminded of his duty, under pain of mortal sin, to baptize the child himself, and the instructions for infant baptism were read from the pulpit. In this same letter the Archbishop again deplored the taking of all charities out of the control of the Catholic communities, centering them in the cold and professional hands of the Socialist State. Thereby, the Archbishop said, is removed for Catholic people the principal means of exteriorizing in good works Christ's gospel of love for our fellow men.

A third letter protested against the hours at which the meetings of the Hitler Youth were held—the roll calls being early every Sunday morning—just so as to make it difficult for the children to get to Mass. Parents were reminded of their duty, no matter how difficult for themselves and for the children, to get their children to a Mass still earlier than the roll call. In fact, there were many children who attended the six-thirty Mass at Baden, and we could see them sleepily leaving the church as we arrived there occasionally for an early Mass at seven. In some parishes where the local situation was especially bad, a Mass was said for the children at five-thirty in the afternoon.

A fourth letter, read in two installments on succeeding Sundays, and written in an extremely high philosophical tone, demolished Doctor Rosenberg's thesis of racial supremacy. Germans were reminded that no race of men can set itself up as superior to all others, and that we are all brothers in Christ. Conversely, no man, solely because of his race, must be subject to sanctions. When you realize how basic the doctrine of the *Herrenvolk* has become in all Nazi thinking and planning, you will realize the courage of this attack in wartime upon an official tenet of the regime.

These letters, of which I made notes at the time sufficient to remember the above points, are said to be similar to those that other German bishops have read from time to time from their pulpits, and the regime has not dared to stop them.

Does this mean that the German Catholics are in dissent from their nation in wartime, and that they might form the nucleus of a revolution?

The answer is decidedly: No, not during the war. The German Catholics are also loyal Germans. Their country is in

*A German leaving for the front smiles to ease the heartbreak of saying good-by*







Acme &amp; Black Star

**Above:** The Stiftskirche, where Catholic internees in Baden attended Mass. **Right:** The roll call of grim Hitler Youth sounds early Sunday mornings to make it difficult for young Catholics to go to Mass



a war that is, without any doubt to them, a struggle for its national existence, and even though the German Catholic may often feel that the war was unnecessary, and even unjust, his allegiance to his country is such that he will fight, and shed his blood when his government calls him to do so. He makes a distinction between the regime and the fatherland, just as many Americans, perhaps, make a distinction between the New Deal and America. There are things about the regime that they dislike, but this dislike will never lead them to do less than their civic duty once the die is cast and their country is at war.

And so the German Catholic fights alongside the Nazi of his own age. He fights, and he dies: more than a hundred of the sons of my parish, the *Stiftskirche*, had been killed on the Russian front alone.

In fact, in fighting on the Russian front, the German soldier has convinced himself, be he Catholic or nonbeliever, that he is fighting for the defense of European civilization, and specifically for the defense of the Christian Church. His propaganda has told him this, and he believes it implicitly, because Germany's clever propagandists have summoned up just enough evidences and arguments to make this thesis seem plausible and even inescapable.

The German Catholic knows that his Church has had troubles with the Nazi regime, but at least his church is there. The buildings are maintained beautifully, by state funds. There is coal to heat the church. Save for stretcher-bearer service, the German priest is never

drafted into armed service, as is the French priest, and is never called upon to shed blood. There are chaplains with all regiments in the field. There are nuns in the army hospitals. Though conditions are far from perfect, and the religious life of the next generation is perhaps menaced, the Catholic Church does exist in Germany, and its vitality is very great. Contrast with this, his propaganda tells him, the condition of religion in Russia. For twenty-five years the churches have been closed, and many priests have been killed. Whatever may be the troubles of the Church in Germany, it is well off compared to religious institutions in Russia. In a Russian-dominated Europe, the German hierarchy fears that it will go the way of the patriarch Tychon. The propaganda theme might be summed up in the old saying that "halitosis is better than no breath at all."

Since Germany's war has become more and more a war against Russia, the German soldier fancies himself more and more a crusader. He would be very glad to call off the crusade, it is true, if he felt there were any great chance of getting a break out of an armistice, but as he knows that too much blood has been spilt to make this possible, he is prepared to fight on. If he dies in Russia he is considered not only a martyr for his country, but even for his religion.

The German Catholic's attitude toward America and England is, like that of most Germans, strangely impersonal: so far the war has been fought on a large scale only in the East. A certain hostility has been brewed up, how-

ever, by the destruction by our planes of the greatest Catholic churches in Germany, and the greatest treasures of Catholic art. Obviously, in the mass bombings of German cities, many churches are bound to be hit along with railroad stations and factories. Just as obviously, a propaganda ministry is going to play up the hits on hospitals, churches, and homes, and forget to mention the factory that also went up in flames. The Catholic cathedrals of Cologne, Treves, Aachen, Münster, and the ancient Gothic and baroque churches of Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Munich have been very severely injured by Allied bombings. All this has been played up by the Goebbels-controlled newspapers, with endless pictures, lists, and details.

As far as Italy is concerned, the destruction of cathedrals and churches has reached a new high, and much publicity was given in Germany to the statement by the Vatican's superintendent of buildings that, before the first of December, over nineteen billion lire of damage had been done by air raids to church buildings alone, without reference to the destruction of art treasures and equipment. The unfortunate bombing of the Vatican, naturally blamed on an American plane with all sorts of supposed evidence, and the destruction of Monte Cassino, have increased the pessimism of the German Catholic as to the idealism of the United Nations.

Viewing these various facts—the natural fear of Russia and the reputed gangsterism of the Americans—the German Catholic is for the moment loyal to his

fatherland, and will give a good account of his loyalty.

Within Germany at the present time are an estimated eleven million foreign prisoners and workers. This figure may be exaggerated, but the total is certainly not less than nine millions. Of these, many are Catholics. The German clergy can do very little for prisoners still living in prison camps, but there are usually some priests in every *Offlag* and *Stalag*, and the German army chaplains have usually succeeded in supplying them with the necessities for religious services, or have made it possible for the priests to secure the necessary equipment from their own countries. All the normal canonical rules fall by the wayside in moments such as this, and I know of cases in which camps of Polish prisoners, without a priest, have been supplied with consecrated Hosts for communion on Easter and Christmas Day, delivered to them by laymen ambulance drivers just as might have occurred in the early days of the Christian Church.

Among the millions of foreign workers and "liberated" prisoners in Germany there are naturally many Catholics, and I would see many of these at the morning Mass in Baden. The barber who was a Belgian drafted worker, the shoemaker who was a French prisoner, the hotel servants who had been obliged to come to Germany from France or Czechoslovakia, the German soldiers home on leave, the German women of the town—we all forgot our nationalities and our enmities for a moment under the soaring Gothic vaults of the ancient church. On Christmas I knelt at the communion rail and, as I stood up, I happened to notice that on each side of me was a soldier in the ugly gray-green uniform of the Germany Army.

To take care of confessions of the foreign workers the German priests have worked out a curious device, a little printed book in fourteen languages, including such as Ukrainian, Croatian, and Flemish, in which the penitent who can speak no German looks up his sin in the index and points it out in the book to the German priest.

But if the German Catholics are decent in their attitude to the foreigners inside Germany, you may well ask a

## FOR MARY, MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL

*By Sister Agnes, C. S. J.*

My songs to your Good Counsel I confide.  
I lay my ear against your heart and hear  
My Father's Word, All-Syllabled, divide  
For my pronouncing. O now it is clear  
The mighty keeping that my Father did  
Who kept His Word, His Ultimate of Sound,  
Pondered within your heart and yet not hid  
From those who hearken to the Most Profound.  
Now, Syllable by Syllable, My Mary,  
Interpret to my mind the various dear  
Derivations of the Word you carry . . .  
The great Root-Word you sing and speak and hear . . .  
That heeding from your heart such Counseling  
I shall know songs straight from the Sun to sing.

question: Do not the German Catholics share in the guilt of the German people for the German atrocities in occupied countries—for the death chambers for German Jews, and the death ditches of the Polish patriots? This question is not difficult to answer. The German Catholics, and for that matter the common German people, share no guilt for the German atrocities, for the simple reason that they have never heard of them. No one within Germany has the slightest idea of the atrocities that are reported daily in the American press. Even the soldiers who come back on leave from Russia and from Poland never speak of them and claim never to have heard of them. The German people know that for infringements of occupation laws there are severe penalties, including frequent death penalties. They believe, however, because they are told so, that these executions are the result of testimony given and judgments rendered by competent courts.

They believe, because they have been told so, that there are great concentrations of Jews in the *Gouvernement General*, where Jews are being settled on the land and set up as artisans. They believe

that the Jews, as a community, did harm to Germany during the Weimar Republic, and that in the long run the settlement of European Jewry in southern Poland will be a good thing for the peace of Europe and for the Jew himself. The average German is blissfully ignorant, and he would be genuinely shocked to hear of the frightful conditions under which this settlement has been made, nor will he believe such hearsay testimony as foreigners like myself, cut off from any documentation, were able to adduce.

The Germans as a people have many faults, all too many, and a Europe dominated by them is unthinkable. But there are many millions of them, and they will continue to inhabit the heart of continental Europe after the end of the present war. In this postwar Germany, I regard the Catholics to be one of the few groups, and perhaps the only group, that is available for us to treat with for the creation of a new and peaceful state. It is the only body of the German people that is not deeply and indelibly tainted by the teachings of Nazism, teachings that it will take years to leach out. Perhaps the old Catholic Party—the Centrum—is not desirable, but there must be, immediately after the war, some political expression of the reserve that the German Catholics have held from the Nazi political thought, and there must be some world appreciation of the role that the Catholic bishops have played in maintaining their witness to the truth, at greater personal danger than any bishop of America, or England, or France, has known in modern times.

### *Highly Informal*

► It is said that the late King George the Fifth and the Princess Victoria, his sister, were accustomed to have a brief chat on the telephone at the same hour every morning. Their conversations were of a personal, highly informal, and often joking sort. One morning when her phone rang at the accustomed time, the Princess picked up the instrument and said, "Hello, you old fool."

The voice of the operator broke in, saying, "I beg your pardon, Your Royal Highness, His Majesty is not yet on the line."



*Martin Patrick Durkin—he's the least political-minded of men, and his religion is not a label but a way of life*

## Some Unions Can Boast

By EDWIN A. LAHEY

**I**F RIGHTEOUSNESS and moral courage by some miracle ever became popular virtues, the effect upon the executive council of the American Federation of Labor would be rather interesting. Let us be hypothetical for a moment, and define the stream of consciousness in those fifteen men, most of them elderly, some of them cynical and power-hungry, all of them human, who comprise the supreme court and the voice of 6,500,000 American workers. They are engaged in some honest soul searching. (This case, we repeat, is purely hypothetical.)

"We have," these men say at this hypothetical meeting, "been a little careless of the public reputation of our organization. We have been thinking in the defensive pattern of a persecuted group, as though we still met in the back room of a saloon, with a lookout on the door watching for Pinkertons.

We have too often thought of the labor movement as a group to make demands upon the rest of organized society, instead of thinking of labor as the very warp and woof of society. This defensive thinking and our loyalty to one another caused our ridiculous failure to take drastic action when the gangsters muscled their way in. We didn't want to admit that the newspapers were right, and we decided to let time and the law take their own courses with what was our very own problem.

"In the meantime, we have permitted this body to become an arena of power politics, where might makes right, and

where the ambitions of individual czars have lifted us out of sight of the workers, until critics say that we do not truly represent our members. We are an oligarchy, cynical and selfish. The president of this organization, because of all this, has been turned into a pawn of power groups within us. His official life is one of making concessions and whittling principles to maintain unity. We cannot truly call ourselves a juridical body.

"Our president, Mr. Green, will within the measurable future retire from his wearying task. Let us talk about a successor. Let us thumb through the directory of the international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and find a man who will be as a breath of fresh air to this parent organization, whose close ties to the workers will re-establish our own contact with the members, whose unquestioned intellectual honesty and moral probity will

**About the President of  
the United Association  
of Journeymen Plumb-  
ers and Steam Fitters**



warm the public pulse, and whose proved administrative capacities and soundness of judgment will steer the American Federation of Labor clear of the shoals of factionalism, moral calousness, and static oligarchy. Let us, in short, choose our next president with the view to re-establishing the American Federation of Labor in the public good will."

If this rather tedious soliloquy ever took place, and the leaders of the A. F. of L. went thumbing through the directory of international officers for the ideal candidate for President of the A. F. of L., they could well stop at the name of the subject of this essay, Martin Patrick Durkin, aged 50, International President of the United Association of Journey-men Plumbers and Steam Fitters, a clean, democratic union with a succession of clean and democratic leaders, among whom the present leader, Marty Durkin, shines like a square-cut diamond, for our money.

Partisan as this article will seem, it is not a political document, as such. The subject, whose modesty is not the least of his virtues, would vigorously object to the political suggestions in the foregoing remarks, but we shall let them stand, anyway. Take our word for it that we dare not show this copy to our friend Durkin before publication.

The United Association is one of those unions you never hear about, and with good reason, the mechanics of publicity being what they are. The only unions that get much into the newspapers are (a) torn with dissension, (b) running with corruption, or (c) threatening to sabotage the war effort. The plumbers and steam fitters do not fit into any of these categories. If "happy the nation with no history" is true, the same can be said of this stable and well-conducted trade union.

The United Association, which was organized in 1889, is, as its full name indicates, an amalgamation of two large groups of craftsmen, each with its own craft pride and jurisdictional jealousies. Until 1911 there was a separate international union of steam fitters in the A. F. of L. At that time the parent organization grouped all workers in the pipe-fitting industry into one jurisdiction, exercised by the United Association. The craft jealousies between plumbers and steam fitters still exist. In larger cities there are separate locals for each, although the two crafts are joined in single locals in smaller towns. A third craft, the sprinkler fitters, are in the United Association in a single "road local" which has small auxiliaries in the larger cities.

Durkin, who was elected President of the United Association by the general executive board of the union in July 1943, following the death of President

George Masterton, is the first steam fitter to hold the office of president, although the steam fitters outnumber the plumbers two to one in the organization. He was likewise the first steam fitter to become secretary-treasurer of the organization. He was selected by the general executive board for this position early in 1941, following the death of Thomas E. Burke, who had held the position since 1908, and was unanimously re-elected in the quadrennial convention of the union in Cleveland in the summer of 1942.

Marty Durkin is the least political-minded of men. His rise may be attributed to the fact that when an important job needed filling, his qualities for doing the job made him seem to stand alone in the field, and men agreed upon him.

Durkin is a mild-mannered man of medium build, tough enough to be gentle. He was born on the north fringe of the stockyards in Chicago, reared in the south fringe, went to work after graduating from grammar school, and came up in the roughest school of "labor relations" that has ever existed. He has never taken a drink. He doesn't smoke nor use profanity. The writer has seen much of him in recent years, but has never heard Marty Durkin utter a gossipy word about friend or foe.

Durkin's religion is not a label. It is an unostentatious way of life, which begins every day of the year at early Mass and Communion. He is completely a home body, not for "biographical background," but by instinct. He lives in a comfortable seven-room house in Washington with his wife Ann and their ten-year-old boy Jack, who attends St. Ann's school nearby. Two older boys, Martin, Jr., twenty-two years old, and William J., twenty-one years old, are in the Army. Martin Senior earns (we say earns advisedly) \$10,000 a year as President of the United Association and is buying his home. Just to satisfy any question that might be lurking in the minds of readers who assume that all labor leaders are affluent, it should be related that Durkin recently sold his Buick to buy a piano, so that Jack could take lessons.

Durkin, whose father was a stationary engineer in Chicago, entered the steam fitting trade in 1910 as a helper and worked at it until he entered the Army in the first World War. He served twenty-two months overseas in the artillery.

He was elected assistant business manager of his local, No. 597, in 1921. The building trades at that time were in the throes of deflation. Following a lockout in 1920, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the present czar of the baseball industry, was agreed upon by employers and building trades unions as an arbitrator to fix pay scales. Not all unions agreed to his arbitration awards. Those that had agreed, including the plumbers and steam fitters, stuck to the agreement. The Chicago Building Trades Council, to which Durkin was a delegate from his union, was split wide open by the Landis award, and the rebel business agents brought gunmen to one meeting to "persuade" the delegates to violate their agreement to accept the arbitration of Judge Landis. The gunmen did not change any votes, but Durkin and others whose honesty was matched by their courage took out some extra insurance.

During the 1920's, when Durkin was building a reputation as a labor man of his word, he was a member of the joint arbitration board made up of building contractors and representatives of the building trades in Chicago.

Durkin was always a Democrat, but had never engaged in organization politics in Chicago. Yet when the Democratic sweep of 1932 brought the election of Henry Horner as Governor of Illinois, Durkin, through his reputation as a local labor leader in Chicago, was the most obvious man for the post of State Director of Labor, to which Governor Horner appointed him with the endorsement of the State Federation.

Durkin, methodical and hard working, rather than the flashy type of administrator, soon attracted national attention through his work as State Director of Labor. State labor departments, with a few exceptions like Pennsylvania and New York, had traditionally been pretty sorry organizations, patronage troughs for loyal labor skates. Under Durkin's administration the Illinois Department of Labor became a vital and respected office. Factory inspectors learned with a jolt that their job was to inspect factories and enforce sanitary and safety conditions, and not to spend their days playing cribbage in a corner saloon. An industrial hygiene department, the first of its kind anywhere, was set up to study the cause and devise the cure of workers'

### Footnotes to Fame—III—

► The famous actor, George M. Cohan, had sent a telegram ahead to a town asking for reservations at a certain hotel. Came back the reply, "Sorry, we don't admit Jewish guests." Cohan wired back. "We were both wrong. You thought I was a Jew and I thought you were a gentleman."



illnesses and injuries. New Deal social legislation put upon Durkin the task of setting up an organization to handle unemployment compensation, a bookkeeping job involving 2,000,000 employee and 40,000 employer accounts. The efficiency with which the Illinois system worked to give even justice to the unemployed and to catch fakers won plaudits from social workers and public officials all through the land.

The prestige of the Illinois Labor Department so increased under Durkin's administration that a Republican state administration elected in 1940 hesitated to replace the director. Durkin solved this problem for the administration by resigning in September 1941 and returning to his local union. Shortly afterward he was chosen secretary-treasurer of the United Association, and moved with his family to Washington.

The United Association benefited from Durkin's wealth of experience as labor director in Illinois. The association has a normal membership of about 65,000. (At the bottom of the depression it had hit a low of 35,000 members in good standing.) The expansion of war industries in 1940 and 1941 swelled the membership of the association (it now has 150,000 members) and placed a strain on the accounting machinery of the union. Durkin, faced with the same situation he had met in setting up an unemployment insurance system in Illinois, completely overhauled and streamlined the national offices of the union.

Durkin's reputation as State Director of Labor in Illinois was well known in the Department of Labor in Washington, and when the National War Labor Board was created in January 1942, he was selected by the President as an alternate labor member of the board, and spent a considerable amount of time on duty there, sitting in at hearings on the "little steel" and other important cases.

Since the general executive board chose Durkin as President of the United Association last July, he has found it necessary to send a sub to work for him on the War Labor Board, while he devotes all his time and energies to the administration of the union.

There has not been a shadow of racketeering in the United Association, but there is no doubt in the minds of his friends how Durkin would handle this situation if it ever arose in his union. He has faced the threatening guns of gangsters before, in his early Chicago days, and knows how to be unflinching without being dramatic.

A recent dispute in the United Association illustrates Durkin's devotion to the letter and the spirit of his union's constitution. A local union in Houston, Tex., became involved in a number of violations of the constitution, and the

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**▶ A BORE:** A man who will talk to me about himself, when I want to talk to him about myself.  
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—Dr. Salmon, T.C.D.

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 general executive board ordered the local to be merged with another in Houston, washing out the offending officers of the first local. These officers retained a former governor of Texas as their lawyer, and sought to restrain the international officers in the state courts. The Texas courts upheld Durkin and the international officers. The rebel local's officials meanwhile had paid fees of \$16,000 to their eminent attorney, who in losing the lawsuit had made loud references to the "labor racketeers" from Chicago and Washington. It so happened that \$6,000 of the lawyer's \$16,000 fees had been paid before the international officers had merged the outlaw local with another, and thus were legal. But the other \$10,000 was paid out in violation of the international union constitution, and Durkin ordered a suit against the former governor for recovery of this \$10,000. Offers for a partial settlement were tendered Durkin, but he was adamant. The pending offer as this is written was for the eminent attorney to return all but \$250 of the \$10,000 paid him illegally, but Durkin's reply was that if it was wrong to take \$9,750, it is equally wrong to keep \$250. Durkin served notice on the former governor either to repay to the last penny or defend the lawsuit for recovery.

All the affairs of the international union are conducted by Durkin in the same meticulous fashion. The report of a recent meeting of the general executive board shows that one entire morning was spent examining and approving expense accounts of general organizers and other employees of the union. There are thirteen of these general organizers, elected by the membership, who divide the United States and Canada into as many districts and are the administrative link between the international president and the officers and members of about 750 locals in every state and province of the two nations. The organizers are paid \$6,000 a year. In each issue of the monthly journal of the union these organizers report in detail on their past month's work and travels.

One of the first things President Durkin did upon assuming his job was to set a rigid standard for investment of union funds. The securities into which United Association funds go must pass the tests set up by the District of Columbia probate court for the investment of trust funds.

Durkin has also attacked the age-old

problem of jurisdictional rivalries between steam fitters and plumbers. In cities where separate locals of these crafts exist, he has fostered meetings between the two for the exchange of information that might increase employment for both crafts. When steam fitters and plumbers carry their jealousies to extremes, neither group is vigilant for work opportunities for the other.

The problem of completely removing the jurisdictional lines between the plumber and the steam fitter is probably too difficult to solve in one lifetime, but Durkin is doing his most earnest best.

Many of the natural distinctions between the two crafts have disappeared. Years ago plumbers worked exclusively with lead pipe, and steam fitters with iron pipe. With the advance of technology, the techniques of both the plumber and the steam fitter have tended to merge, but their jurisdiction still assigns the plumber to sanitary work and the steam fitter to industrial work in pipe fitting. With the job opportunities offered in the developing of shipbuilding, pipe line construction, oil refinery construction, and other industries, the steam fitter has outstripped the plumber in numbers. But a desirable willingness on the part of international officers completely to wipe out the rival jurisdictions of the plumber and the steam fitter meets a peculiar difficulty in that plumbers are licensed operatives in most states. While the plumber can do a steam fitter's work (if the steam fitter allows him) the state laws prohibit a reciprocal agreement.

The United Association over the years has developed an enviable record for financial purity and for regular audits which are reported to the members through their local unions. At the 1942 convention of the union, Marty Durkin, then the secretary-treasurer, reported assets of \$2,190,782.83. In the four-year period ending with June 30, 1942, the association paid death benefits to beneficiaries of deceased members totaling \$777,425.50, an average of \$345.38 per death claim. Initiation fee in the union is \$20 and the dues \$2 a month. Of this amount the international gets \$10 of the initiation money and \$1 of the monthly dues paid to the local union.

Some international officers of the union, now dead, and some local officers of plumbers locals still alive were named in an indictment secured by Thurman Arnold in 1940, charging them with conspiring with master plumbers and plumbing manufacturers to restrain trade. Similar antitrust indictments that went to trial absolved the labor unions involved. The indictment in which the plumbers were named has been set aside for the duration, despite the repeated demands of the union that it be tried.



Foreign Minister Molotov signs the Moscow Agreement in the presence of representatives of China, the United States, and Britain

## Soviet Foreign Policy

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WINSTON CHURCHILL once described Soviet foreign policy as "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." Americans have found much reason to agree with this characterization during recent months. There have been disconcerting contradictions between Soviet official promises and Soviet actions. While a hush-hush policy as regards criticism of the Soviet regime is advocated and practiced in some quarters, while a legend has been put into circulation that the Soviet regime has never broken its word, the factual record is too plain and unmistakable to be misinterpreted by intelligent and objective observers.

The Soviet Government signed five treaties of nonaggression with its western neighbors, Poland, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The treaty with Poland was concluded on July 25, 1932, and extended for ten years on May 5, 1934. The treaty with Latvia was signed on February 5, 1932, and prolonged for ten years on April 4, 1934. The treaty with Finland was signed on January 21, 1932, and extended for ten years on April 7, 1934. The treaty with Lithuania was concluded on September 28, 1926,

and was renewed twice. The second renewal—April 4, 1934—was for ten years.

The pact with Estonia was first signed on May 4, 1932, and was prolonged for ten years on April 4, 1934. Every one of these treaties became a scrap of paper in 1939 and 1940. Soviet troops invaded Poland and Finland and overran the three Baltic Republics, Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia.

At least four voluntary agreements of the Soviet Government were violated by the forcible occupation of Eastern Poland in 1939. These were the Treaty of Riga, defining the frontier and signed on March 18, 1921; the convention with Poland, bringing the Kellogg Pact into immediate operation in 1929; the treaty of nonaggression, which was in legal force in 1939; and a convention defining aggression which the Soviet and Polish

Governments signed on July 3, 1933. Under this convention aggression was defined as "invasion by armed forces, even without declaration of war" and "an attack by any type of armed forces, even without declaration of war."

When diplomatic relations were established between the United States and the Soviet Union, in the autumn of 1933, each government pledged itself to prohibit "the formation and residence on its territory of any group" which aimed at "the overthrow of, or bringing about by force of a change in the political and social order of the other." Obviously this pledge could refer only to the Communist International, as no other organization aiming at international revolution existed either in the Soviet Union or in the United States. But the Communist International was formally dissolved only in the spring of 1943, almost ten years after the Soviet Government had pledged this undertaking. A Congress of the International was held in Moscow in the summer of 1935 and was the subject of a sharp note of protest from the American State Department.

This inconsistency between Soviet professions and Soviet actions has not been

**Stalin's foreign policy, active, energetic, resourceful, unscrupulous, is a challenge to the alertness of our diplomacy**

diminished since the Soviet Union has been associated with the United Nations in the war against Nazi Germany. To be sure, Stalin and other Soviet leaders have subscribed more than once to idealistic statements of war aims.

The Soviet Government has twice proclaimed its acceptance of the principles of the Atlantic Charter, first through a statement by its Ambassador in London, Ivan Maisky, on September 24, 1941; subsequently by adhering to a general declaration of the United Nations, issued in Washington on January 1, 1942. It pledged itself to consultative, not unilateral action in international affairs in the following clause of the Moscow Agreement, signed by Hull, Molotov, and Eden and published on November 1, 1943:

"That for the purpose of maintaining international peace and security, pending the re-establishment of law and order and the inauguration of a system of general security, they (the signatory powers) will consult with one another and as occasion requires with other members of the United Nations with a view to joint action on behalf of the community of nations."

Unfortunately the promise of Soviet co-operation set forth in these documents has not been realized. Stalin's attitude toward Poland has been a complete negation of the principles of the Atlantic Charter and of the method of settling disputed boundaries by consultation or by free voting of the people affected. The first three points of the Charter, it may be recalled, read as follows:

Their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other.

They desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the

freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned.

They respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

It is completely impossible to reconcile these principles with Stalin's demand for the annexation of more than forty per cent of the territory of prewar Poland and with his refusal to deal with the Polish Government-in-exile. This government is a fair cross-section of all the influential political parties which existed in Poland before the war. Its authority is acknowledged by the active and courageous Polish underground movement and by all the Polish armed forces, land, air, and naval, which are fighting as part of the United Nations armies abroad.

It is unconvincing sophistry to suggest that the Atlantic Charter does not apply to Soviet annexations of Eastern Poland and the Baltic States, because these annexations were carried out before the Charter was issued on August 14, 1941. What would have been the reaction if Hitler had announced, on August 15, that he adhered to the Atlantic Charter, adding, as an afterthought, that of course he would retain all the territory he had seized by force up to that time?

Both the substance of Stalin's demands on Poland and his methods of enforcing these demands are at variance with the hopeful language of the Moscow Declaration. The European advisory commission has been completely bypassed. Stalin's policy toward Poland has been a series of unilateral declarations, issued without consultation with Great Britain and the United States. The Pol-

ish Government has appealed for United States and British mediation. Stalin has rejected this mediation.

Pressure from the Soviet dictator has been so strong that Churchill threw the Atlantic Charter overboard entirely in his speech of February 22, 1944. In this speech he accepted Stalin's demand for Eastern Poland as "just and reasonable" and proposed "compensation" for Poland in the shape of German territory, presumably in East Prussia, Silesia, and Pomerania. Two wrongs do not make a right, and offer little prospect of a future peaceful world.

All the crimes of the Nazis cannot obscure the fact that Germany got the worst of every doubt as to its eastern frontier under the Treaty of Versailles. Any further change of Germany's border would involve the handing over to foreign rule of solidly German regions. This would weaken, not strengthen Poland, which would become helplessly dependent on the Soviet Union for support against a possible German war of revenge. No doubt this is what Stalin desires. But it should not be an American war aim. Our primary stake in the European war is that Europe should remain at peace in the future. If Poland is subjected to a great territorial injustice at the hands of the Soviet Union, if Germany in turn is subjected to territorial injustice at the hands of Poland, the prospects of peace over a long period of time will be dim. There is a strong case for American participation in a sincere effort to establish a just world order. There is no case at all for pledging American lives to underwrite frontiers that are patently unjust.

As Soviet military power visibly increased during the first months of 1944, Soviet diplomacy became extremely ac-



1940

*In the heyday of German-Russian friendship, Molotov is welcomed to Berlin by Von Ribbentrop*

1942

*His country attacked by her German ally, Molotov arrives in Washington seeking lend-lease aid*



tive. There have been periods when Moscow was rather dull as a source of news. But recently newspapermen in the Soviet capital have been kept fully employed. Russia has made the headlines again and again, not only by the advance of the Red Army, but by striking and unusually unexpected and unforeseen moves on the diplomatic chessboard. One may briefly list a few of these moves between the beginning of the year and the present time.

There has been the insistence on retaining most of the Polish territory annexed by agreement with Hitler in 1939, on obtaining a "friendly," i. e., subservient Polish Government. (One might suggest that Stalin would have won more genuine friendship in Poland if he had displayed more respect for Polish national feeling and had not carried off a large number of the inhabitants of Eastern Poland—a million and a half, according to the Polish Government estimate—to forced labor under cruel conditions.)

Such a consistently friendly commentator on the Soviet Union as Wendell Willkie was slapped down ostentatiously because he hinted that a more considerate attitude toward the smaller neighbors of the Soviet Union would be appreciated by American public opinion. A poisoned arrow was shot at Great Britain through the publication in the Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* of a rumor to the effect that Great Britain was engaged in separate peace negotiations. There was a sensational reorganization of the Soviet internal administration through the granting of control of foreign affairs and military affairs to the sixteen constituent republics. Formerly these functions had been reserved for the central government. So long as the Communist Party dictatorship remains unmodified in Russia this change is not likely to be of great practical significance, from the standpoint of genuine, internal decentralization. But it was probably designed as an invitation to states outside the present Soviet borders to join the Soviet Union with the prospect of fairly liberal autonomy.

The Papacy was attacked as pro-Fascist in the Soviet official newspaper *Izvestia*, on the ground that it did not protest against the Italian attack on France. There was certainly no Soviet protest on this occasion—a fact which *Izvestia* found it convenient to forget. To the bewilderment of British and American diplomatic circles and the horrified confusion of leftwing critics of American and British foreign policy, Stalin extended full diplomatic recognition to the regime of Marshal Badoglio in Italy. Still more recently Japanese

fishing rights in Soviet waters have been extended for five years, while the Japanese Government has renounced oil and coal concessions in the northern half of the island of Sakhalin, which belongs to the Soviet Union. There has been a border clash along the remote frontier of Chinese Turkestan and the Soviet satellite state of Outer Mongolia.

A desire to advance Soviet national interests, a growing sense of power, a conspicuous absence of consideration for other United Nations, complete unconcern for obligations of theoretical declarations of principle which it is inconvenient to observe: these are the characteristics of Stalin's foreign policy. We should make a grave mistake if we should regard the Soviet dictator as a compound of Sir Galahad and George Washington of cherry-tree legend, if we should place any undue reliance on his promises or theoretical professions of war aims. We can deal with Stalin on an equal and intelligent basis only if we brush aside propaganda and censorship and accept the Soviet leader for what he is, an astute, hardboiled, opportunist dictator, who has changed his policy frequently in the past and may change it in the future, whose guiding principle is always what he conceives to be his own and his country's self-interest.

It would be a mistake to regard Soviet foreign policy as something rigid, fixed, unchanging. It has passed through at least five distinct phases since the Revolution in 1917. From 1917 until 1921, Lenin, Trotsky, and the other leaders of the Soviet regime were frankly and avowedly out to promote world revolution. Lenin and Trotsky, then the most important figures in the Soviet Government, took a leading part in the congresses and deliberations of the newly formed Communist International, the association of all the Communist parties in the world. They signed revolutionary appeals, gave directions to Communists all over the world in revolutionary strategy, greeted enthusiastically the short-lived Red regimes in Finland, Hungary, and Bavaria. They would have supported these regimes with the force of the Red Army (they actually gave some aid to the Finnish Reds) if it had

not been for Russia's exhaustion and preoccupation with civil war.

A second phase in Soviet foreign policy may be dated from 1921. Both foreign intervention in Russia and the Soviet effort to promote revolution in Europe and Asia had failed. The stage was set for a *modus vivendi* between the Soviet regime and "capitalist" governments, although a good deal of suspicion remained on both sides.

The larger powers gradually resumed diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union tried to have its cake and eat it, too, by permitting the Communist International to function in Moscow, while disclaiming any responsibility for its activities. This was a pretty transparent fiction, because anyone familiar with the highly centralized character of the Soviet dictatorship would recognize that no international organization could exist in Moscow without the fullest knowledge and approval of its activities by the Soviet Government.

During this second phase of Soviet foreign policy, which might be described as defensive isolationism, the Soviet, in the main, was friendly to Germany, hostile to France and Great Britain. Ironically enough, the Soviet regime helped to make possible the future German *Wehrmacht* by giving German officers opportunities to evade the disarmament restrictions of the Treaty of Versailles and to experiment with tanks and airplanes on Soviet territory. Alliances were rejected, the League of Nations was denounced, collective security was scorned.

The Soviet Government tried to surround the Soviet Union with a ring of nonaggression and neutrality pacts. It desired to avoid involvement in large-scale war at this time, not because there is any element of pacifism or humanitarianism in Communist doctrine, but because of pressing practical considerations. A breathing space for recuperation after the terrific hardships of the First World War, the Revolution, and the Civil War was necessary. And, beginning in 1929, the Soviet Government launched twin drives for rapid industrialization and for the collectivization of agriculture. These strained the country's

## When Coolidge Laughed

► Just before Will Rogers first met President Coolidge one of Will's friends said, "I'll bet you can't make Cal laugh in two minutes." "I'll bet he laughs in twenty seconds," answered Will.

Then came the introduction. "Mr. Coolidge, I want to introduce Mr. Will Rogers."

Will held out his hand, looked very confused, then said, "Excuse me, but I didn't quite get the name."



resources to the utmost, imposed terrific human sacrifices, especially during the first few years, created bitter internal dissatisfaction, and made peace an imperative necessity.

The Japanese seizure of Manchuria in 1931 gave an aggressive, militarist Japan a long, common frontier with the Soviet Union in the Far East. Hitler came into power in Germany in 1933 and started to rearm that potentially very strong European power. The specter of simultaneous attack by Germany in the West and by Japan in the East became the nightmare of Soviet diplomacy.

So a third phase in Soviet diplomacy began. The Soviet Union joined the League of Nations, professed keen interest in collective security, toned down the social revolutionary character of Communist propaganda abroad. Whether Stalin was sincere in this attitude of professed desire to co-operate with the Western democracies against the Fascist powers was never put to the test. Suspicion of Soviet purposes remained strong, and the spectacular political and military purges of the middle thirties inspired doubt as to Russia's military strength and internal political cohesion. This phase came to an end with the conclusion of the Munich Agreement in the autumn of 1938.

Conspicuously left out of the Munich discussions, the Soviet Government adopted a policy of isolationist imperialism. Its most spectacular expression was the Stalin-Hitler Pact of August 23, 1939, and this was followed by Soviet annexation of Eastern Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, part of Finland, Bessarabia, and Northern Bukovina. The Soviet Government observed scrupulous neutrality in relation to Germany. It should never be forgotten, in estimating possible developments in Soviet foreign policy, that Stalin did not enter the war because of any enthusiasm for liberty or democracy. His own system was extremely similar to Hitler's in many ways, and there is no evidence that he would not have gladly shared the domination of Europe with Hitler.

But Hitler was unwilling to share. By attacking the Soviet Union in June, 1941, he made Stalin the involuntary ally of the democracies. Always astute and adaptable, Stalin made some concessions to public opinion in the West, while refusing to surrender any essential ambition of Soviet power politics. He abolished the Communist International in the spring of 1943. But there is nothing to show that his underground grip on Communist parties throughout the world has been relaxed. He reinstated the Orthodox Church in the autumn of 1943. But there is little evidence that full freedom of religion, as that term is understood in the United States,

has been instituted in Russia, or that the effects of a quarter of a century of intensive atheistic propaganda, especially on the younger generation, have been undone.

Stalin has been quite willing to sign his name to any verbal idealistic profession of war aims, such as the Atlantic Charter. But his actions in relation to Poland and the Baltic Republics have been in flagrant contradiction with the ideals of the Charter. Americans may well ponder the following passage in the declaration of Mr. Victor Kravchenko, Soviet officer who dramatically announced his preference for American democracy, as against Communist dictatorship:

"Officially the Soviet Government has proclaimed its desire to support establishment of democratic regimes in Italy, Austria, and other countries. In reality this is but another attempt to adapt its own aims to the purposes of the Allies

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**► Educate a man and you educate  
 an individual. Educate a woman  
 and you educate a family.**

—FANNIE HURST  
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and to promote the inclusion of Communists, obedient to the Kremlin, in the future Governments of these countries. The real plans and aims of the Soviet Government, as distinct from its public professions, are in contradiction with the interests and needs of the Russian people and of the cause for which the people of the United Nations are fighting. While professing to seek the establishment of democracy in countries liberated from Fascism, the Soviet Government at home has failed to take a single serious step toward granting elementary liberties to the Russian people."

For the moment, at least, there is little reason to doubt the sincerity of Foreign Commissar Molotov's repudiation of annexationist and revolutionary aims in Rumania, apart from the reannexation of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina. Stalin is clever and realistic. He knows that an attempt to swallow up immediately countries with non-Russian traditions will pose difficult problems of assimilation. So he will probably prefer indirect rule, through "friendly" governments, in what is left of Poland, Rumania, and Finland, in Czechoslovakia, in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, perhaps in Greece, Hungary, and Austria.

Germany will occupy a key position in postwar Europe. Stalin has been grooming a puppet government for Germany in the so-called Free Germany Committee in Moscow. This Committee is a curious amalgam of Communists and Junker officers. There is a notable ab-

sence of genuinely democratic Germans, of representatives of the former Social Democratic, Democratic, and Center parties. In the Far East there is no likelihood that Stalin will turn over bases to the American air force. He will most probably enter the Far Eastern war in his own way and for his own interest, with a view, perhaps, to setting up Soviet republics in Manchuria and Korea, where Czarist Russia also pursued schemes of expansion.

Stalin's foreign policy, active, energetic, resourceful, unscrupulous, is a challenge to the alertness and realism of our own diplomacy. A Soviet Union dominant in Europe and Asia would be a formidable leviathan-state and a very dubious partner in the building of a peaceful postwar world.

We should be as clear-sighted about our war aims as Stalin is about his. We should not only draw up blueprints for a free Europe, dominated neither by German Nazis nor by Communists; but we should clearly and specifically proclaim this ideal to the world, and especially to the peoples of Europe, on the eve of the invasion. We should insist that the ideals of the Atlantic Charter apply just as definitely to Poland, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia as to any other countries. We should insist that, if the Soviet Union is entitled to maintain military and political observers in Italy, we should have our political and military observers with the Red Army as it moves beyond the Soviet frontiers.

We should make it very clear that there will be no lend-lease aid to Russia after the end of the fighting with Germany unless there is full co-operation in the war against Japan and in a just peace settlement in the Orient. We should get out of the habit of thinking of how much we need Russia and consider how much Russia needs us.

It is a completely distorted school of thought in this country that advocates a policy of first making a great contribution to the Soviet victory over the German invasion (nine and a half million tons of lend-lease material, valued at over four billion dollars, including almost 200,000 trucks, 8,800 airplanes, 5,200 tanks and tank destroyers, great stocks of food and communications material) and then letting Stalin draw the line of his own sphere of influence in Europe. We have been drawn into two world wars, each of which started in Eastern Europe. We have a definite right and duty to claim a voice in the postwar settlement in that part of the world. Stalin respects force and straight talking. We shall get nowhere in dealing with him on a basis of appeasement, false sentiment, weakness, and muddled-headed indecision.



*Katie was tinkering with her curls, smiling now around the hairpin she held with her teeth. "Joe's*

**A**T ELEVEN on Wednesday the telephone rang. Sudden and shrill, it startled Katie, like fate calling, like the first bullet whine that opens a mighty battle.

That was a grand day, fair and warm; with the sun burning off the Hollywood fog; peering through palms into Katie's small kitchen; putting a false halo upon Grandpa. He sat at ease with his coffee and his granddaughter. Katie was a bride and she looked it, in a smock of blue and a gay, flowered kerchief over hairpinned, dark curls. A young queen on her throne, she sat on the set tubs, swinging tanned ankles and huarachos.

Telling Grandpa now the wonders of her husband, her Joe. Captain Polaski of the Marine Corps, on shore duty now, here in Hollywood. The right hand, Katie said, of the provost marshal; and her big, dark eyes were shining proud. "Joe's wonderful, Grandpa. Just perfect."

"There are few saints, Katie," Grandpa shook his head. "And them few ain't marines."

Katie was tinkering with her curls, smiling now around the hairpin she held with her teeth. "Joe's a lamb."

"And he a marine captain?" said

## THE MAN IS NOT YOURS

Grandpa. He spooned sugar to his coffee and stirred thoughtfully. "I trust not, child. 'Twould comfort the enemy."

Katie stopped smiling. "Bother the war," she said, and quickly, "Joe's done his share. Plenty. Think what he did on Guadalcanal."

Grandpa nodded. "Joe did very well," he agreed mildly. "And that General MacArthur—he helped, too."

"You're mean," Katie said, undisturbed, and wrinkled at him her nice and non-Grecian nose. The coffee was steaming, too hot.

Grandpa poured a bit into his saucer to blow on it and cool it; a thing he'd not do in company, mind you. But Katie was his own. The last of his Caseys. Telling him happily now, and to tease him, "Joe's not like the Irish, Grandpa." Almost smugly she added, "He never gets mad. Never one cross word."

Grandpa sipped, and sighed, "Still waters run deep."

It was then that the telephone rang. It seemed to startle Katie. For she said a queer thing, a troubled whisper. "Knock wood," she breathed, and ran to answer it.

It was himself. The captain. In the kitchen, listening, Grandpa beamed, hearing the quick relief, the lift and the lilt of Katie's young voice. And why not? She had reason. Never mind his name. A grand lad, Joe, a good Catholic boy. Grandpa spoke in his mind as he often did, to his own wife, Nora, these years in heaven. "And I'm behind it," he boasted in silence. "I selected him. See you keep them safe, Nora. Whist—till I hear."

Too polite to follow into the living room, Grandpa just cupped his ear. Now Katie was saying, "I don't believe you." There was wonder in her voice,



a lamb." "And he a marine captain?" said Grandpa. "I trust not, child. 'Twould comfort the enemy"

by *Brassil  
fitzgerald*

**A difficult old man, Grandpa Casey, a born minority of one. Hollywood was his problem. And Captain Joe Polaski was Katie's**

a happy excitement. "Land's End? I've seen pictures of it. But why invite us?"

Grandpa frowned. Annoying, this listening, and hearing one side. And now there was his own name. "Grandpa?" Katie was saying, "but, of course, he'll love it." Then a doubtful note came in her voice, "Cocktails, I suppose?"

The phone clicked down, and he heard Katie returning, a dancing shuffle of Mexican sandals. When they stopped in the kitchen doorway, Grandpa was behind the morning paper. Katie's voice spilled, excited and gay. "But guess where we're going!"

A difficult old man, this Casey, a born minority of one, declining now to look up from his paper. "Home is best, child. Let me read my paper."

Ah, but his Katie was wise, a match for him. "Excuse me, Grandpa," she said meekly, and no more.

He heard her at the sink, the water running, dishes rattling. After a moment he asked crossly, "Was that your Joe on the phone?"

"Yes, Grandpa." That was all she said, whistling now to herself, the aggravating minx.

He lowered his paper to glare. "Excuse me," he said, "for asking. I don't mean to be nosy."

She turned to him then, and her laughing eyes loved him. "It's a party, Grandpa. Cocktails at five." She paused then, and added impressively, "At Land's End. Cecil Morse's beach place."

"And who is he, this Morse?"

Young Katie stood tall, important with news. "The movies, Grandpa. Cecil Morse is a famous producer."

Grandpa refused to be impressed. "Cecil Morse?" he repeated slowly and doubtfully. "He ain't one of ours." Then he shook his head. "But I would

not dare say, he might be a Pole, too. And where did Joe meet him?"

Katie shrugged. "Don't ask me." She struck a pose then, lifting one slim shoulder, rolling wide and Irish eyes. "I guess he saw me and he wants a new star."

"Or Joe," said Grandpa, "and he wants a villain."

Katie showed him a tip of pink tongue. "Joe's handsome. Like Humphrey Bogart, only red hair. On the boulevard, Grandpa," she boasted, "all the girls notice him."

"It's his winking," said Grandpa. "I've noticed it, too." Satisfied then with the last word his, he rose, taking with him the paper.

Katie spoke after him, urging. "But you'll come with us?"

He turned a gracious face. "I will, dear. Thank you. I'll like fine meeting this Morse and his friends."

Sometimes through the mask of the years, in a look, in a fleeting expression, Katie could see the boy Grandpa was once. She could see that boy now in his diffident smile. "Barring your Grandma was set against it, I might have done something that way myself." He could always surprise her. Wide-eyed, she asked, "But you?"



"Myself then. Didn't I play the young Daniel O'Connell? I can't think of the play, but they said I was grand." He beamed then, remembering, recapturing a glory. "My big speech, I remember, I defied the Crown. And I put my heart in it. Very strong I came out, and loud." Unconsciously Grandpa's voice was stronger, louder, as if declaiming-again. "Father McCall, God rest him, was very impressed. He himself congratulated me, from the stage it was in the Parish Hall, after the play was over. 'The British throne,' said His Reverence, 'would shake to hear Casey.' Have I a good shirt, child? I must go see."

Right after lunch, while Katie was prinking, doing something with pins to her autumn-brown curls, Grandpa went off on business intent, down to the boulevard, stepping along.

Hollywood Boulevard! There's no place like it. Broadway of the West, Peacock Alley, and Coney Island. Main Street de luxe, stepped up to jive time, splashed with sunshine, and dripping color.

Grandpa liked it. Reacted now to the stimulus of it. Forgot forebodings. And marched along to a loudspeaker's music, smiling at babies, saluting soldiers; stepping hurriedly and wide past a long-haired man in shorts and sandals.

And what now was this? A crowd clotted the sidewalk at a movie theater, that Chinese one, Grauman's. Grandpa stopped, too, to look; edged forward in the court to see what celebrity now.

Over shoulders he looked and saw. By a patch of fresh concrete, a stout man and elderly was down on hands and knees, pressing a bearded cheek to the fresh concrete. The watching people clapped and laughed. Not Grandpa. "Crazed with the drink!" he thought. And said indignant and loud, "Get him up quick before the police come."

Only one person paid him attention. A lady next to him, with bundles and gum. "Never see that in Iowa," she told him happily. "It's a great honor, mister. He's putting his profile there for all time. The biggest stars do it."

"And is he one?" asked Grandpa doubtfully.

The lady snapped her gum and rolled it. "I'll say! Monty Woolley. On the radio, too. Before he got in the movies, he was a professor at Yale."

Grandpa nodded. "That explains it," he said severely, and went on his way.

Into Booth Bros., Hollywood Branch, Gentleman's Clothing. Within the door a gentleman in a morning coat bowed to him graciously. Grandpa nodded back. One of the Booth brothers surely. "A nice place you have here," Grandpa said affably. And easily, "And have you a good shirt?"

With a faint look of distress, the man

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**► COWARD:** One who in a perilous emergency thinks with his legs.  
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*Bierce, A Devil's Dictionary*

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 led him to a counter. "Show this gentleman our shirtings," he said coldly, and hastened away, as if anxious to withdraw from the matter.

"Imported shirtings?" the clerk asked. "One shirt," said Grandpa. And firmly, "Imported or not, around two dollars."

The man looked peaked, as if he had indigestion. "Formal or informal?" he sort of sighed.

"Formal, I think," said Grandpa thoughtfully. And explaining, "For a cocktail party, at some place they call Land's End. A fellow named Cecil Morse."

That word Morse was magic, like vitamins to the languid clerk. "Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, sir." He almost purred. "But informal, I'm sure." And cocking his head, he studied Grandpa as a sculptor might a mass of clay. "A touch more of color, I think, for Land's End. If you'll pardon me, sir—" The man had the jitters the way his hands fluttered. "A bit more insouciance. In the mood of today."

"All I want is a shirt," said Grandpa weakly.

When Joe came at four Katie was ready and waiting, but Grandpa was closed in his bedroom. Katie called to him. Then stood demure for her husband's admiration, in the prize of her trousseau, saved till now, a suit of silvery-gray crepe, with huge squirrel cuffs, and pert on her dark curls a skull cap of tiny, gold feathers. "Like me?" she was asking shyly.

Joe's eyes answered her. Then he saw Grandpa, and his lean face changed. "Look!" he said, and sat down.

In silent wonder Kathleen looked, stared at her Grandpa, a Hollywood Grandpa. A fawn-brown jacket, a burnt-orange tie tucked under a sherry-brown sweater. Kathleen had the wisdom of love, thinking, "Oh dear, I should have gone with him." She said, "You look ten years younger."

Grandpa nodded, satisfied, patting his tie. "In the mood of today," he explained.

Out in the car, the old gray coupe, ready to go, foot on the starter and hand on the wheel, the captain looked puzzled at Grandpa. "But where's your hat?"

"No hat," said Grandpa blandly, and smoothing white locks across his baldness, "Good for the hair, they tell me." Settling beside his Katie, "Drive on, James," he said with assumed haugh-

tiness, "and don't spare the horses."

The city behind them now, the tires sang to the white beach road, and Kathleen broke silence. "What's Cecil Morse like?"

"I don't know," Joe said. And fixing against the sun the windshield visor, casually he added, "I never met him."

"That's nice," said Kathleen cheerfully. "A little surprise for Mr. Morse. I'll say, 'Party! We've come for a party.' Grandpa, you say, 'Guess who?'"

"Not me," said Grandpa. "Let me out at the next beer sign."

Joe's laughter was loud, an outdoor sound. "It's O.K., Old Timer. Morse expects us. Major Dunn, he's Public Relations Officer, made the date. He says Morse wants to see me. I don't know . . . He's got something cooking."

"Supper, too," thought Grandpa, and relaxed again, listening to Katie's gay voice.

"I'll bet they want you to represent the marines. You know—in a propaganda short; you and a sailor holding the flag, or something. Wouldn't that be fun?"

Joe's answer was lost in the scream of a horn, as the San Diego bus swooped up and by them.

After a moment Katie asked, "Did the major say anything about other guests? Movie stars?"

"He mentioned one. Dame named Bari. Gerta Bari. Austrian, or something. Refugee, I guess. Dunn says she's pretty special."

Katie asked no more, in happy silence aware of her silver-gray crepe and her little gold cap. Like a soldier all armored, and unafraid, "Bring on your Gerta Bari," she thought. Then as Joe slowed to a gate where a watchman waited, her sunny mood changed. Something vague and unseen cast a shadow. Kathleen thought a brief prayer. "Please keep us like this," she asked Mary. The one prayer futile. Let nothing change.

The guard saluted and waved them on. The shadow was gone, had never been. This was fun, adventure, but safe adventure, with Joe's bigness strong and warm beside her.

They drove through a field of unkept grass, toward the shine of the sea and sprawling red roofs, then steeply down to the rear of "Land's End." A long garage where chauffeurs idled, guest cottages, tennis courts where no one played. They came to a pool and a terrace, where people lounged, watching the swimmers. Watching one girl on the diving board. High there, she posed a second, slim arms lifted against the blue sky, still and lovely; the strength and the beauty, the lifting challenge of youth. Then cleanly she dove, a white down-curve to a splash and widening ripples.

A man rose, came to meet them. He



wore a sun visor and a ragged, gray sweater he had buttoned unevenly; a small man with a big nose, a face you'd pass on the street and not look at twice. Cecil Morse. Aware of importance and used to it, easy in it, as in his old sweater. He welcomed them with a friendly informality. "This is nice," he said smiling.

It was all very informal. People moved about, picking up, putting down glasses; went into the house and out. New people came and no one introduced them; a tennis game started. A young man in flannels and an orchid scarf attached himself to Kathleen, sat at her feet, showing his splendid profile and talking of life and art.

"Bleak," he kept saying. "So utterly bleak." The bleakness was Bari, stealing his scenes.

"But she is lovely," Kathleen murmured. "That platinum hair."

The young man sniffed. "Peroxide!" he said.

Kathleen wished he'd go away, listening and watching for Joe, wondering where Morse had taken him—what Morse wanted. That wondering was fun, an expectant excitement that grew while she waited.

Kathleen's eyes moved, studied with interest the bright, shifting groups. And she wondered where Grandpa was. Her eyes searched for the burnt-orange tie. There he was, down the pavilion, apparently at ease, talking to a stout old lady, a dowager duchess in smart English tweeds, using her lorgnette on him now.

The young man saw where Kathleen was looking. "A dreadful woman!" he said.

"The elderly lady?" Kathleen asked. "Who is she?"

"Bari's mother," he said. "Hungarian," he added, "from the Bronx. But I don't know that old man." He shrugged elegant shoulders. "Dear Cecil, he collects the strangest types."

Kathleen's cheeks burned. "Yes," she said quietly, "I've been thinking that, too."

The young man rose, offended. "Pardon," he murmured, and wandered away.

But mysteriously Grandpa was gone. He and the Hungarian lady had van-

ished. Presently Kathleen went to find him, through an open French window and into the house. The room she entered was huge and empty. Beside her a stair wound up to an iron-grilled balcony, draped with serapes. Somewhere up there she heard Morse's voice, just a murmur that went on and on.

The rugs were bright Navahos; great, white divans flanked a stone fireplace where mesquite wood smoldered fragrance. On the paneled walls were no pictures, nothing to take the eye from the room's front. From high ceiling to floor, one immense window, holding all the sky and the sea. A vast reach of sky where the sun was setting, a wine-dark sea where nothing moved. A sombre beauty, too vast, too lonely. It seemed to belittle this house and these people. It spoke in silence. Kathleen listened, not long. Gladly turned to a clink of glasses, where a white-coated servant carried a tray.

The Filipino asked softly, "You want something, lady?"

She nodded, smiling again. "My grandfather. An old gentleman in a brown coat."

The Filipino had a sudden, white smile. "You come," he said. He led her through a door that opened under the balcony, and down a dark hall to a butler's pantry with a slide that opened to the kitchen.

Before she saw him, she heard him, a cheerful voice. "I knew you had that ace of hearts. Card sense. I can't explain it."

"Then I can, mister." A loud voice and indignant. "You looked in my hand."

Through the slide door Katie perceived her Grandpa, as big as life at the kitchen table, and with him the dowager duchess, Madame Bari herself, the two of them playing forty-fives.

"The last hand now," said the lady sternly. "Then I'll put on my shoes that have me near killed, and find my girl. A great trial she is."

"And a genius," said Grandpa gallantly. "A grand little actress."

"Silver tongue!" said the dowager, but her voice was all smiles. "Gerty ain't in it then with her own father. The Dancing Barrys we were, and the pride of Keith's Orpheum." The lady's tweed-

ed bulk moved with a sigh from her depths. "Like a feather I was. Barry's two hands would span my waist."

"I remember you well on Keith's stage in Boston." By the smooth tone of Grandpa, Kathleen knew he was fibbing.

The game was over and he had won. "One more game," he urged. "I'll make it five straight. I don't know are you old enough, Mrs. Barry, to remember a play about Daniel O'Connell?"

"I must go," Madame Bari said sternly. "I told you. But see is there one more ale in Morse's icebox?"

Beside Kathleen the servant whispered, "I'll tell him you want him?"

Drawing back from her eavesdropping, Kathleen shook her dark head, smiling. The Filipino smiled back with soft, sympathetic eyes. "Artistes!" he whispered. And shaking his head, "Unstable. Like children." The brown face beamed at her look of surprise. "I'm a senior at U.C.L.A.," he explained; and smugly, "Majoring in Education."

In the living room Cecil Morse stood alone by the great window. Hearing Kathleen, he turned smiling. "So here you are," he said. "The captain is looking for you." His brown eyes studied her and liked her. "Let him look," he said, and dropping his voice, "First, we'll talk. You and I. About him, your captain." Taking for granted her shy consent, he led her to the divan. "Sit here now. Will you smoke?"

She shook her head, feeling small and lost in the yielding depth of the huge divan. Like a small girl, she drew her legs under her.

Morse sat on the edge, and in the dim light, the firelight's gleam, she saw weariness in his face. "That's a fine boy, your husband," he said. "But stubborn." He made a gesture then, a lift of the shoulder, that faintly spoke of his people. "A thousand dollars I offer him; two—"

"You could use that two thousand, I bet you." Cecil Morse smiled. "The captain's pay buys few dresses like that one."

"My trousseau," she explained; and confided, "But I do want furniture. All my own. We're just renting now."

Cecil Morse said, "Good. Then you listen. I have scheduled a picture about the marines." He gestured widely. "I want it right. I want a man who's been there, to see we do it right. Foxholes and jungle fighting. This Major Dunn tells me he has just the man. This Captain Polaski that was wounded on Guadalcanal. A hero, yet. If he can't take the money, so what? I'll make you a present of it. If he wants screen credit, I'll give it. Such a chance. And the captain says no. Just grins and says no." Cecil Morse's brown eyes were hurt and indignant. "And I like the big oaf. You tell me why."

## This New York

► In the window of a little bookstore on Eighth Avenue, N. Y., was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees  
Bibles sold as low as these."

—*Woman's Home Companion*

"Joe's wonderful," Kathleen said shyly. "He really is, Mr. Morse. So real."

Morse put a manicured hand on the fur of her cuff, stroked the fur as if it were a kitten. A quick gesture, for a second only. "A nice little wife," he said. "That's right." He stood then. "You think he'd listen to you?"

"He always has," said Kathleen, with a proud lift of her small chin, with a quiet pride.

He nodded, beaming down at her. "Now I'll get this captain of yours. You stay here, dear. I'll send him in. Wives should be the boss. It's better so."

Kathleen waited, her heart beating fast. This was it. The shining chance. The golden door opening smoothly to glamour and ease. And Joe holding back, saying, No, thanks. Stupid of him. But she wouldn't tell him that. Men were like children; they had to be guided. But gently. "I won't tell him," she thought, "I'll ask him." No heroine, this Katie; no saint; thinking fast now as she heard Joe come, "If I have to, I'll cry."

The eyes she lifted to meet him were innocent-wide, admiring a tall, wise husband. "I'm so proud of you, Joe," she said smiling.

He showed no elation, frowning down. "Morse been telling you?"

She nodded happily. "He's nice. Such a wonderful chance." And looking wistful, she asked, "You will say yes?"

He didn't answer that. He was ill at ease, troubled. "Look," he said with sudden decision, "we can't talk here. Come on out. Down the beach by ourselves."

A meek young wife, she followed him, over the sea wall, down steps to the sand. Down by the water the wet sand was firm. She curled her small hand in his, and stepped along beside him, waiting wisely in silence. A small wind moved. It stirred her dress. It smelled of salt and seaweed, cool and good. Far out where the sun was setting behind piled clouds, two ships

trailed smoke, standing out to sea. "Transports," Joe said. "They'll pick up destroyers any time now."

Kathleen watched the tiny ships, thinking of the men on board.

She moved closer to Joe, and her small hand tightened. "We're so lucky," she said. And after a moment, "Mr. Morse is so nice." With faint reproach she added, "But he can't understand why you don't want to help him."

Joe didn't answer.

She waited, then said very quietly, "Neither do I."

Joe said almost crossly, "There's a war on."

She frowned at that, and her voice was impatient. "That's no answer. Mr. Morse knows that. He just wants your spare time." She stopped then and faced him, her small face earnest, anxious. "Why not, Joe? Tell me."

He stepped his cigarette-end into the wet sand, looked at her then; not the bold look that had wooed her, his eyes were uncertain, unhappy. "I'm fed up, Katie," he said. "It gets me down, this desk work."

Here it was. Out in the open, the thing she'd been fearing, day after day.

She tossed away a shell she had picked up, a sad, small voice and hurt. "Bored with our marriage, Joe? So soon?"

His answer was angry, quick, and rude. "Shut up! You know better."

She shrugged, her voice patient and courteous as to a stranger. "But do I? You had ten months foreign service. You were wounded and decorated. You're still in service, obeying orders. If you're happy with me, that's enough."

He didn't answer. But his eyes said no, his face was resisting her.

Her young voice became bitter. "You don't want me." She didn't want to be fair, only to hurt him. "You want another medal."

He resented that, flushing. "Cut it out!" he said, and sullenly, "I'm not smart with words, like you Caseys. You make me sound like a heel, chasing medals. I don't want that stuff."

"What do you want?" she asked.

He was silent, groping for words. "There's men from my outfit," he said

at last slowly, "in the Jap pens. I want them out."

She kept the fear from her voice, kept it light. "You're not the whole navy, darling." She made herself smile. "You're just one man."

"But one marine," he said. And like a big boy, grinning, "That's six Japs."

That grin was a match to her anger. "Go ahead then," she flared. And cried, accusing, "Your outfit comes first. I'm just your wife. I can suffer. You don't care."

He put his hands on her, big hands on her thin arms. She could feel the anger tighten his fingers. "That isn't true. You know it. That's why I've been waiting. I can't go like this. You've got to say yes."

She wouldn't look up to him. "Oh, have I?" she thought, resisting his gripping hands, feeling his tension, waiting now for her yes. "You'll wait!" she thought bitterly, and her young mouth lifted, locked and obstinate.

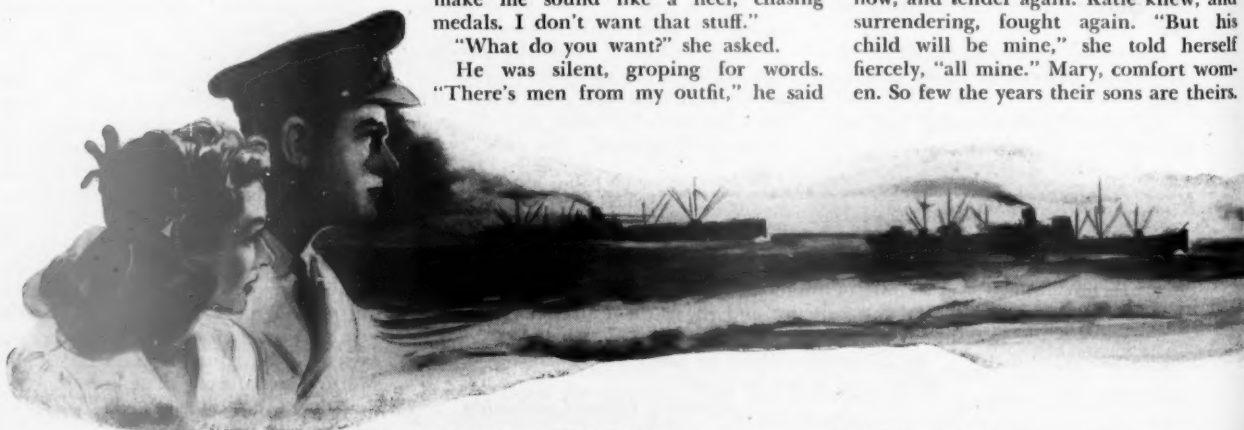
She felt his fingers slacken. He said only and dully, "Let's go back."

All alone, she walked beside him, not one with him now, strangeness between them. She knew now; her heart ached with that knowing. Not hers, this man who strode beside her, staring out where the convoys had gone, behind his lean face thinking thoughts of his own, man-thoughts and hard. He loved her. Yes. But not her alone. He was himself, not part of her. His duty was his, and his soul.

The sun was down on the sea, and the wind blew cold. There was sand in her shoes and each step hurt. "Now," she thought, "here and now is the time to cry, to cling in his arms, to whisper don't leave me."

And she was crying. Clung suddenly, fiercely, holding close to his breathing—accepting her pain. She had to love him. She had to whisper, "I'll wait."

His lips found hers. Oh yes, he loved her, this man not hers. Pleased with her now, and tender again. Katie knew, and surrendering, fought again. "But his child will be mine," she told herself fiercely, "all mine." Mary, comfort women. So few the years their sons are theirs.



Far out where the sun was setting behind piled clouds, two ships trailed smoke, standing out to sea

# Mexico at War

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

A GOOD deal has been published in American magazines and newspapers in the last few weeks about the "prosperity" that the war has brought to Mexico, one of the first of the Latin American republics to throw in her lot with the United Nations after Pearl Harbor. These articles and the accompanying illustrations have pictured Mexico City as the gay playground of the Western world, a sort of prewar Paris, rich, bibulous, and carefree. A city swollen with war profits which night after night flow into the tills of countless night clubs and expensive restaurants. A city which has never heard of rationing, abounding in thick steaks, sugar, and fresh butter. A city whose streets are jammed with honking automobiles rolling on full-treaded tires and tanked to the brim with ration-free gasoline. In short, a city making a good thing out of the war.

Having returned recently from a visit to Mexico, the writer of this article is obliged to admit that the foregoing is a reasonably accurate description of one aspect of life in the Mexican capital—the aspect that comes under the observation of the pleasure-seeking, well-heeled tourist down for a holiday fling. It is this American, in fact, whose money keeps the night clubs going and the race track flourishing. But the American who would measure the impact of the war upon Mexico by night life in the capital would go as far wrong as the foreigner who would gauge the impact of the war upon the United States by a tour of night spots in New York City. One impression is as superficial as the other.

It is easy to overlook Mexico's contribution to the war effort of the United Nations, because, as yet, Mexican troops have not gone into action in any combat area. It is not likely, as a matter of fact, that any considerable Mexican force ever will face the enemy's guns, but the Mexican Government is eager to put at least a token force into the field.

At a press conference in the President's Palace in Mexico City, President Manuel Avila Camacho told the writer and other correspondents of North American newspapers that "if the time



*Mexico feels its army is in first-class shape, able to repel any enemy attack*

presents itself, the Mexican flag would go to the battlefields, and, in that case, the Mexican air force would be its representative." He reminded us that on another occasion he had said that "if the alternatives of war in a justified manner should require our sending our army to defend the common cause, we are willing to do so. We are ready for it."

But if no Mexican soldier loses his life in the fight against the Axis, it will still be true that Mexico has contributed an ally's part to the winning of the war. Mexico's main contribution to the United Nations' war effort is what might be called a nonmilitary contribution. By that I mean that merely by abandoning neutrality and allying herself with the Allied powers, she greatly simplified the problem of hemispheric defense for the United States.

To understand what Mexico's friend-

ship means in this war, we have only to imagine what difficulties our Army and Navy would have had to meet if Mexico had remained neutral or, worse still, had she leaned toward our enemies, Germany and Japan. For one thing, we would have had south of our lower border a hotbed of enemy espionage. Strategic materials that now come to us might have gone to Germany and Japan. Conceivably one or both of the enemy countries might have landed hostile forces south of the Rio Grande.

To quote the American Ambassador, George Messersmith, with whom the American correspondents had a press conference in the rambling American Embassy, "It is no longer a secret that two years ago the military authorities in the United States were gravely concerned lest Germany or Japan, or both, should attempt an invasion of Mexico. At that time, the Mexican army was in no position to defend the country. Since then, the Mexican Government has put its army in first-class shape and our military authorities feel that it is now competent to repel any attack that might be made."

**The contribution Mexico has made to the Allied war effort, although nonmilitary, has been a vital factor**



Mexico's international policy since we entered the war, Mr. Messersmith said, "has been in as straight a line along the lines that we believe in as that of any country on this continent."

"Her attitude," he added, "has been continuously and steadfastly in one direction—that of full and complete co-operation with the democratic policies laid down by the United Nations. Aside from ourselves no country on this continent has made a greater contribution—a greater moral contribution—toward hemispheric solidarity than Mexico. Her attitude toward the war has been as precise and unequivocal as it could be. In the two years that I have been Ambassador here I have never taken up a question involving collaboration with the United Nations in which we did not get full and complete collaboration. And when you consider the spotty background of American-Mexican relations in the last hundred years, I think that this is a remarkable development."

The first thing an American about to visit Mexico is told is that he may take into the country only two-dollar bills—no other denomination of American currency. That is by agreement between the United States and the Mexican Government—one of the minor forms of co-operation—an agreement which thwarted an attempt by the Axis to use its dollar balances, looted from the banks of occupied European countries, to its advantage. Among the stolen United States currency were few two-dollar bills, the most infrequently circulated of the various denominations of our currency.

But there is also a positive side to Mexico's contribution to the United Nations' war effort. Mexico has given the United States first and exclusive call on virtually all of her strategic materials. During the last two years Ambassador Messersmith has entered into many agreements to buy minerals, metals, rubber, alcohol and scores of other materials vital to our war effort, and not once, he told us, did the Mexican Government "take advantage of the sellers' market." In each case, he said, the prices represented only the fair value of the commodities.

When the submarine menace along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Caribbean shut us off from water-route sources of supply in other South American countries, Mexico became one of our principal sources of supply of strategic materials. Suddenly a great load was thrown upon the Mexican railroads, which, because of their run-down condition, were ill-prepared to stand the strain. Mexican engineers estimated that it would require 140,000 tons of American steel to rehabilitate the railroads so that they could transport the vast quantities of materials which the United States

required from Mexico because of the loss of water routes to other South American countries. But when authorities in this country explained that it would not be possible for the United States to divert that much steel to the Mexican railroads, the Mexican Government welcomed a technical mission sent down from this country to recondition the roads with what materials were available in Mexico.

The results surpassed all expectations. In Monterey, a Mexican company was operating a steel mill. In one year the output of that mill was stepped up to 15,000 tons, and with that limited steel tonnage, the American technicians contrived to avert a breakdown of the Mexican railroad system. Instead, Mexican railroads hauled 70 per cent more freight in 1943 than they had hauled in 1941.

One of Mexico's principal contributions to our war effort is henequen, a tropical plant which grows profusely in the state of Yucatan and which furnishes the raw material from which we make the binder twine with which the American farmer binds his grain and the Navy makes the heavy hawsers essential to the operation of its ships. Without Mexican henequen both the farmers and the Navy, to say nothing of the merchant marine, would be in dire straits, since the over-running of the South Pacific by the Japanese cut us off from our supply of sisal from which we formerly made our binder twine and marine cordage.

Production of other strategic materials for the United States has been greatly increased since Mexico became an ally of the United Nations. The output of lead, zinc, and copper has reached a new high. The production of mica and fluor spar has been increased 60 per cent. For the first time Mexico's co-operative sugar refinery at Zocatapec is producing alcohol, all of which goes to the United States.

The one Mexican resource which as yet has not benefited the United States is petroleum. Although the Mexican reserves are very large, operation of the Mexican oil fields by the government petroleum administration has not been altogether successful. Production, in fact, is less than it was before expropriation of the properties of the American and English oil companies, mainly because re-pressuring of the wells in the Paza Rica oil field has been neglected. The Mexicans, in fact, have not been able to produce sufficient high octane gasoline for their own use, and the United States has been forced to ship this type of aviation fuel into the country.

But disappointing as government operation of the oil fields has been, there is not the slightest chance that the fields will be returned to private operation. Expropriation, whatever we may think of it, was and still is a highly popular measure in Mexico, even though gasoline is now more costly than it was before the Government took over the

*Mexican workmen in factories and foundries do their bit toward Allied victory*



## Exclusive

► One of the New York churches is notorious for its exclusiveness. A colored man took a fancy to the church, and promptly told the minister that he wished to join. The clergyman sought to evade the issue by suggesting to the man that he reflect more carefully on the matter, and make it the subject of prayer for guidance. The following day, the darky encountered the minister.

"Ah done prayed, sah," he declared, beaming, "an' de Lawd He done sent me an answer las' night."

"And what was it?" queried the clergyman, somewhat at a loss. "What did the Lord say?"

"Well, sah, He done axed me what chu'ch Ah wanted to jine, an' Ah told Him it was yourn. An' He says: 'Ho, ho, dat chu'ch!' says He. 'You can't git in dere. Ah knows you can't—'cause Ah been tryin' to get in dat chu'ch fer ten years Mahself an' Ah couldn't!'"

properties. Mexicans look upon the expropriation of the oil properties as an assertion of sovereignty and at no time in their history have the Mexicans been more nationalistic.

Nevertheless, the Mexicans recently entered into an agreement with the United States whereby we may in a few months obtain a substantial contribution to our own dwindling oil supply. Although the Mexican Government did not need the money, it accepted a loan of \$10,000,000 from this Government to improve its oil properties with the understanding that the loan would be repaid, not in dollars but in oil. The money will be used to increase the capacity of the Paza Rica field, to build a pipe line from the field to Mexico City, and to construct a high octane refinery in Mexico City with a capacity of 1,000 barrels a day.

While the demand of the United States for strategic materials has greatly stimulated mining and some Mexican industries, wartime prosperity has not been a boon to the Mexican people. It has given the country a dollar balance such as it never enjoyed before. But it has also brought troublesome dislocations in the country's domestic economy. The boom in the mining and the war industries has created a shortage of farm labor and the influx of money has created a runaway inflation.

Before the war Mexico produced enough corn and wheat to feed its people. Today much of the new wealth flowing into the country from the United States is being expended on imports of these two agricultural commodities, chiefly because farm labor has gravitated to the higher-paid war industries.

These wages, while still a mere pittance compared with American wages, have been sufficiently high in the cities to force up prices to the point where they have a lower purchasing power than the lower prewar wages.

I recall the complaint of the taxi driver who drove me out to the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. He talked

so bitterly about the Government and prevailing economic conditions that I thought for a moment that he was a Communist. So I asked him when Mexico last had a government that he approved. Instead of one of the radical administrations that preceded the present rather moderate government of President Avila Camacho, he said, "the administration of Francisco Madero."

He pointed to a white cotton shirt that he was wearing. "Do you know," he asked, "what this shirt cost? Twenty pesos!" (which is the equivalent of about \$4 in American money). "How can a working man live when he has to pay a week's salary for a shirt?"

I did not doubt his statement for I had observed the prices of shoes and clothing in the stores in Mexico City and I had noted that a shirt which would cost \$2 in the United States was priced at twice that amount in American money. Shoes inferior in quality to shoes that could be bought in the United States for \$4 to \$5 were priced at \$6 to \$10 in the Mexico City stores. Lightweight suits that would cost \$15 in this country were priced in pesos equivalent to \$25.

Now, to comprehend how truly disastrous this inflation is to the Mexican laborer, it must be remembered that the minimum wage for unskilled labor is about two pesos (forty cents) a day and that the skilled worker who received eight pesos a day (\$1.60) was a rare and fortunate individual. I remember reading in one of the Mexican newspapers about a worker in a bank (I assume he must have been a porter) who had become father of triplets and whose daily wage was three pesos (sixty cents).

The Mexican Government has attempted to stabilize both wages and prices by Presidential decree, but Mexicans told me that, while the wage stabilization was fairly effective, the attempt to control prices had been a failure.

The inflation bears most heavily upon the workers in the towns. The Indian who works a small tract of land is not greatly affected, for the wants for which

he must pay cash are few. He is virtually self-sufficient in food, and an adobe hut provides him with all the shelter he desires; he needs cash only for an occasional cotton shirt or trousers. He scarcely ever wears shoes. But the so-called skilled worker, despite his high war wages, is losing the race against mounting prices. Three years ago, his peso would buy almost three times what it will today.

Most Mexicans are apprehensive over the future of their economy once the war is over, and the American demand for Mexican raw materials is withdrawn. Under the stimulation of the wartime demand, mining and the war industries have been greatly expanded and the number of war workers greatly increased. What the Mexicans fear is another post-war dislocation of their domestic economy that will plunge them into a depression.

I asked Ambassador Messersmith if he anticipated a possible souring of the present satisfactory relations between this country and Mexico when the American wartime buying spree was ended. He replied that a good deal of thought was being given to the readjustment of trade relations after the war. He said that under the stimulus of American demand not only established mining operations and industries had vastly increased their production but marginal production also had been encouraged.

Obviously, he added, Mexico would suffer a great economic upheaval if this demand were suddenly cut off. Therefore, our Government, he said, was giving careful consideration to the problem of reducing its purchases in such a way as to bring about the least possible economic disturbance.

He expressed the personal opinion that it was the obligation of the United States Government to taper down its purchases gradually; otherwise, he pointed out, there might be economic upheavals that would have the most serious political repercussions and that might adversely affect the cordial relations existing between Mexico and the United States at the present time.

What the Mexicans most want from the United States after the war, I gathered from conversations with thoughtful citizens of that country, is assistance in building up their industries. The Mexican Indian, by common agreement among American industrialists in Mexico, makes an excellent skilled worker. All that is needed, therefore, to make Mexico an industrial nation, is heavy tools and machinery. They hope to get the help they need from the United States.

"If we don't," a Mexican journalist said to me, "we'll get it from Russia."



U. S. News

Two tables on wheels, usual equipment in any hospital, stretched across the two beds. The men were learning to do "crimping"

## Door To A New Life

By FRANCES FINK

A SMALL truck pulled up at Brooklyn Naval Hospital one bright October day last year. Three men unloaded a queer collection of material for delivery to a naval hospital: lumber, cartons of something that jingled metal-lically, several long, new benches, cumbersome chunks of metal, a hand lathe, and coils of wire.

"This way," beckoned Ensign Rachel Diggles, a blonde nurse. Then, almost apologetically, she said: "We haven't room for a real shop, but we have part of a large room."

The leader of the men grinned. "We'll make it a shop."

That was the beginning of an experiment, a three-pronged offensive against disability, discouragement, and boredom that attack our wounded veterans. The tiny shop being set up in a corner of that hospital was to prove a broad, shining highway back to life for men still uncounted. For men like the blinded eighteen-year-old sailor who was one of the first to use it.

When the lumber had been made into tables and shelves, the lathe set up, and materials laid out, Ensign Diggles made

the rounds of the hospital wards to invite injured navy men to a first session of a new kind of therapy. Blonde Diggles had made similar rounds before to coax patients into arts and crafts groups, the usual occupational therapy offered in military hospitals.

She anticipated the response. They'd be polite and promise to come. The young men would privately term this a sissy enterprise, just as they had leather-working and rug weaving. They wouldn't show up at the class. But this new session was to be a different matter. They'd see.

Ensign Diggles didn't ask who wanted to join the group. The men had been chosen carefully for an experiment. She told the selected patients that they were to make things sorely needed by the

Navy, they were to be paid for their work, and the work would help them get well. The therapy of the tiny shop was designed, at that stage, primarily for patients with finger, hand, wrist, and arm injuries. Diggles was glad she could include young Frank Letnay in the group, though his hands were not wound-stiffened.

Frank was eighteen. Blinded during a battle in the North Atlantic, since his first day in the hospital Frank's constant, infectious grin had hidden the fear and doubt that filled his heart. Soon he should be going home to Toledo, but he had never spoken, through all his quips and cracks, of his own future.

Jim Bartles of Iowa, another sailor chosen for the first visit to the shop, had been on Armed Guard duty in a merchantman's naval gun crew when Nazi shrapnel got him in the hip, both legs, and hands. His hands were improved but stiff, his general recovery slow. Long hospitalization and the endless atmosphere of illness had generated discouragement and a sense of insecurity which Bartles hid as best he could. Navy doc-

**The foresight of a manufacturer has given new hope to men wounded in this war**



tors found the reflection of his emotions in his rate of recovery. Bartles could not leave his bed, but somehow he was to be included in the group to try out the improvised shop.

Then there was John Ryan. Ryan's hands had been severely burned by high-tension wires at a naval installation. His body injuries confined him to his bed. He was moved next to Bartles.

In that first group there was also Charles Freund, a young sailor from New York City, wounded off Oran when shell fragments bit into his chest, legs, and arms.

The men who could leave their beds went to the miniature shop where instructors awaited them. Ensign Diggles stood by ready to end the class if necessary. But if any of the men felt a twinge in his injured hands, he gave no sign. Diggles saw them listen absently to instructions. Stiffened, long-useless fingers fumbled at first, dropped the tools, recovered them slowly.

The operations these men learned were simple. The things they were making were parts for the huge switchboards each sailor had seen on his own ship. Each man forgot the hospital, the weary length of a day in a ward, his own uncertain future. Each man was busy, even happy as the little pile of parts grew steadily on the long tables.

In their beds Bartles and Ryan worked as a team. Two tables on wheels, usual equipment in any hospital, stretched across their adjoining beds. They were learning to do "crimping." Bartles spliced the insulation off a bit of wire to a precise point. Ryan took the prepared length of wire, crimped a lug onto the end.

When the four-hour session ended, none of the men wanted to quit.

That evening Letnay, until now adamant on the point of learning to weave baskets or braid belts, called Diggles as she passed his bed.

"I'm glad I went to that class," he said. "Do you think if I could really do that stuff, that some plant back home might hire a—well, a blind man?"

Diggles smiled at the sightless, rosy-cheeked youngster, knowing a blind man can sense a smile he can't see. That was the first time he had spoken of his return home. Now he would soon be well enough to face his future. Already the shop was doing its job.

"I'm sure of it, Letnay," she said. "You learned almost as fast as the men who can see."

Diggles' satisfaction with the first session of industrial therapy was more than matched by the joy of its originator, Robert F. Nelson, who is now vice-president of Arma Corporation, a plant which for the twenty-six years of its existence has manufactured gunfire con-

trol and navigational equipment exclusively for the Navy.

Several months before Letnay and his companions entered the cramped shop at the hospital, Nelson had sent for his plant training supervisor.

"How are things working out for the disabled veterans we've hired?" Nelson asked.

"Wish we had more of 'em," was the answer. "They're among our best workers. Even a missing arm doesn't slow them down. Why, Mr. Nelson?"

Nelson was smiling broadly. "Just what I thought," he said. "So long, I'm going to the navy yard hospital."

In the office of Commander H. B. Arnold, in charge of physiotherapy at Brooklyn Naval Hospital, Nelson expounded his idea. An educator himself, Nelson was conscious of the psychological obstacles facing men hospitalized for long periods, disabled in their youth, unsure of their future in civilian life.

On their discharge, Nelson realized, the veterans' most urgent need would be jobs. But before they could recover sufficiently to be discharged from a hospital they would need two things: to regain the use, even if limited, of injured limbs; and to know that disability would not prevent their filling jobs needed now for winning the war, needed later for peacetime production, and necessary always if a man is to take his place in the world.

Commander Arnold listened, frowning at first, then nodding, finally reaching for his hat. "Let's get over to your plant," he said. "We'll start by selecting factory operations that aren't too difficult and that are therapeutic."

Arnold saw an opportunity to serve the several objectives of physiotherapy by bringing the factory into the hospital. The triple goals of Arnold's work are re-education of injured parts and restoration of physical health; passing the long



*Men who can leave their beds go to the shop where nurses watch  
The therapy is calculated to limber stiffened muscles by useful work*



Arms

## ROOTFAST

*By Sister Mary Jeremy, O.P.*

Now quietly the flowered branch  
Yields to the urgent airs of May;  
But hidden roots are deep and staunch—  
The wind will not have all its way.

And even so by dearest choice  
My roots and blossoms live apart;  
Against the wind's enchanting voice  
A rootfast will makes firm the heart.

days of hospitalization while restoring mental health by removing the patient from the environment of illness; last, providing vocational training for the future.

Nelson's plan offered a new way to do all three and to provide carryover value, as shop training would fit constructively into civilian life. Any young sailor would recognize that learning basic factory operations was a far cry from the arts and crafts that younger men often rejected as sissified. Making parts for naval equipment would be an added spur to injured sailors.

Early in October the Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery gave permission for the experiment. The Arma plant would provide materials, tools, machinery, instructors. Arma instructors learned elements of physiotherapy. The hospital would provide merely space to set up a tiny shop and patients selected for the venture. The veterans were to be paid for their production. Arma stood ready to hire any who completed the course and wanted to work for the plant on their discharge. Or to recommend them to plants in their home towns.

The plan began simultaneously in both Brooklyn Naval and St. Albans Naval Hospitals. Six men in all comprised the first class in shop work. A contingent of therapists watched the results.

Today a wing is nearing completion at St. Albans to house a complete shop. At the Brooklyn hospital space has been set aside for the installation of a large shop where drill presses will be used to aid in restoring injured leg muscles. Both shops will turn out products for Arma, will provide the men with pay at prevailing wages.

Even in the cramped quarters now in use more than sixty patients are recovering health, acquiring wage-producing skills, moving entirely away from the idea that their injuries have cut them off from normal lives. Industrial therapy has been declared a complete success.

Commander Arnold is enthusiastic about the results. He points to the careful records kept by his department. The rate of each patient's recovery has been measurably speeded by his participation in the shop work. Where patients knew that for them only partial recovery was possible, they've been shown beyond doubt that they can nevertheless hold useful jobs. This demonstration of the comparative unimportance of handicaps has been reflected in cheerful attitudes. Quicker recovery has accompanied that lift in spirits in every case.

"The plan," says Commander Arnold, "should be considered on a much wider basis. Industrial therapy provides a different approach, a new, strong motivation for the patient to recover."

Frank Letnay, now home in Toledo, has been hired by a war plant there. He is awaiting only his seeing-eye dog to guide him to work and back every day.

Bartles and Ryan are both ambulatory now, learning more complex operations in the expanded St. Albans shop. If neither boy is returned to duty he can go to work at the Arma plant the day he is discharged. Or he can return home and step into a vital job.

Charles Freund achieved a top rating for aptitude and production at the close of the shop course. After weeks of daily work with hammer, file, and screwdriver, his fingers and wrists were almost entirely limber. His recovery has been so

complete that by the time this story appears he will probably be back on active duty.

"O.K. with me," says Freund. "Right now I've got two good hands to take back to sea. When I am discharged I'll be ready for a job because I've learned something I can work at."

Nelson had hoped that his plant might add several workers each month from the hospital course. When the men, as a result of Nelson's idea, recover so completely that they go back in service, the Arma head is just as gratified as if they'd come to work for his firm.

"If they want to go to their homes," Nelson says, "we'll not only send their shop records there, but we'll urge their employment in plants in each area. Meanwhile, they've produced parts we needed. And we've done our job for the veterans."

Now that the plan is officially endorsed, Nelson wants one more thing: to spread the plan through industry all over the nation. He is preparing a kit of information and instructions in the hope that labor-shy plants in every part of the country will follow the original example. He'd like to know that every military hospital has a shop for industrial therapy to speed veterans' return to health and to provide a new source of manpower.

One Frank Letnay is worth all the uncounted hours of work it took to establish and set in motion the shop that salvaged his courageous spirit. There will be many more Letnays in the year ahead of us. They'll need precisely what industrial therapy offers them—meaningful work to do during a convalescence that is shortened by that very work itself, and just as important, the knowledge that their wounds have not cut them off from a world which needs them but welcomes them back only with honor.

The success of this project in Brooklyn and St. Albans is a challenge and a guide to American industry and army and navy hospitals scattered all over the country to unite in helping these men back to normal lives, men who have given so much that America might live.

## Tale of a Traffic Light

► An old Irishwoman wanted to cross the road at Hyde Park corner, London, but was scared of the traffic. A policeman came to the rescue.

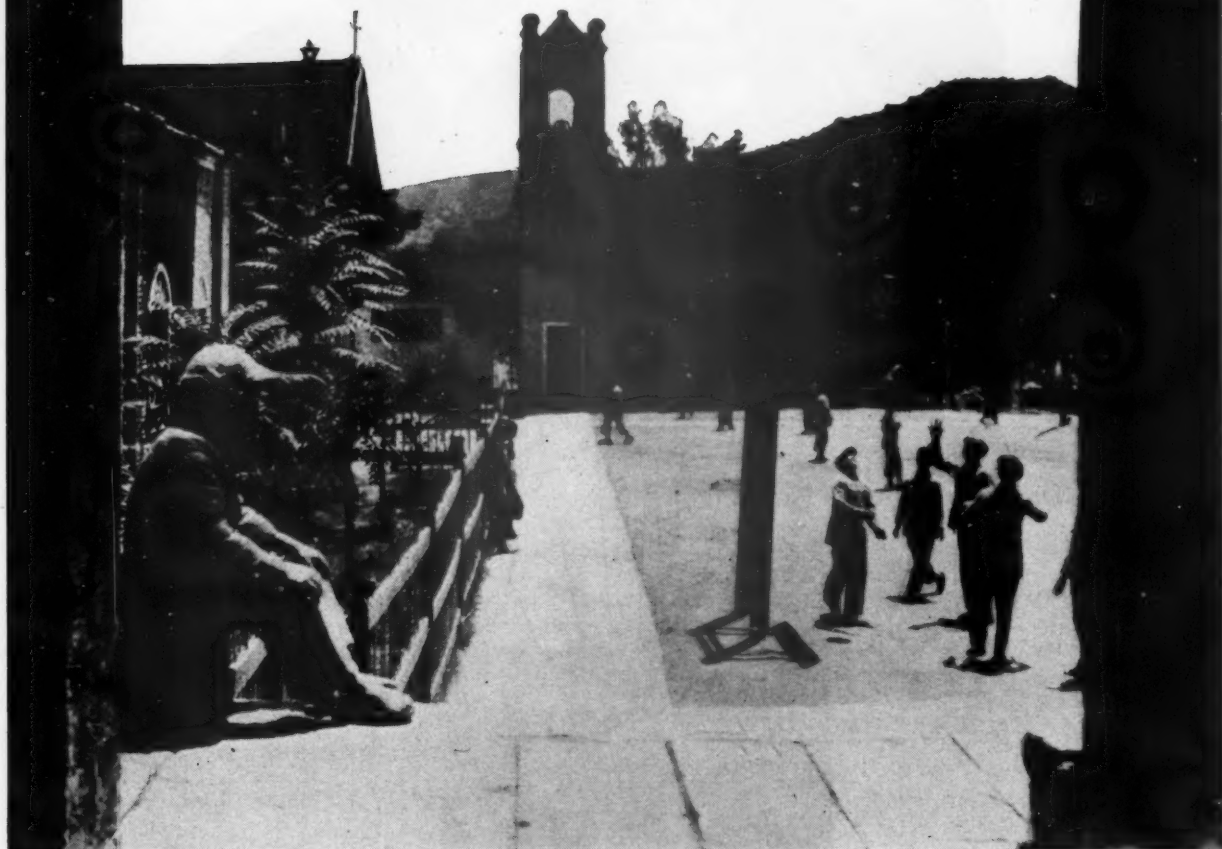
"It's all right," he assured her. "When you see the red light, that red's for England—so don't go. But when you see the green, that's for Ireland—you can cross then and not a thing will touch you."

She crossed on the green light, then waited until it was green again and came back to thank the officer.

"It was very kind of you to explain it so nicely," she said. "But, glory be, you don't give much time for the Orangemen to get across!"

# Our Lady's Orphanage

By RUPERT LANGENBACHER, C.P.



*The hospitable portals of Our Lady's Orphanage have been the entrance to a new life for hundreds of Chinese boys*

**A** FORMER missionary of Our Lady's Orphanage in Paotsing once remarked: "The unusual always happens here." That saying has often come to mind during the past two weeks. Father Harold, the Orphanage Director, has gone to the United States for medical treatment and left me, his assistant, in charge of eighty-five happy-go-lucky boys.

Since his departure the "unusual" has been persistently and consistently popping up. Only a day or two had elapsed when one of the lads complained of a terrible "burning up" feeling. This and other symptoms have led me to conclude

that it is a case of bronchial pneumonia. Enter worry number one!

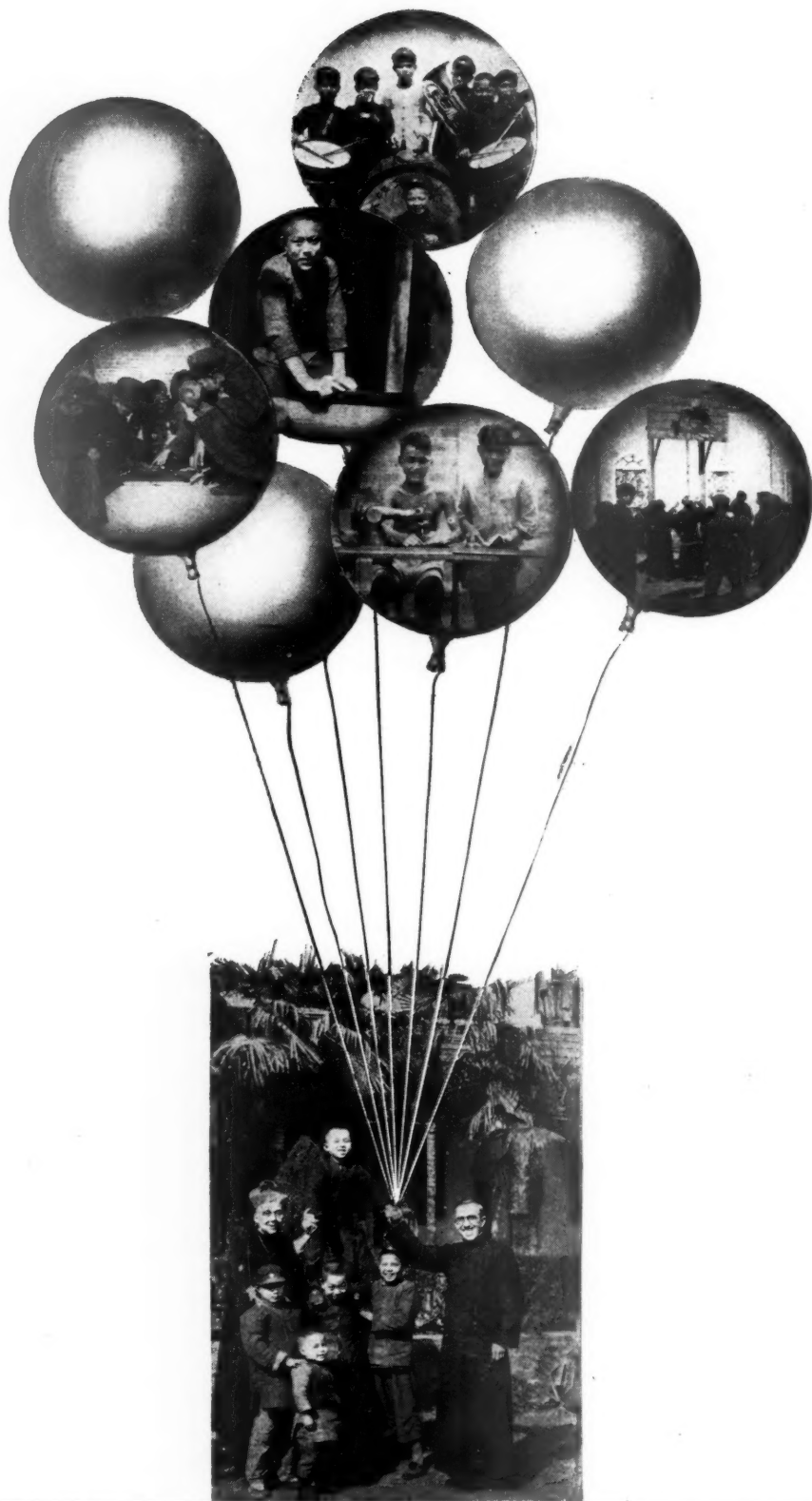
About a day later a boy came to me with the bad news that one of the mission goats had thoroughly cleaned out a valuable section of our vegetable garden. It seems that Mrs. Billy Goat, who had recently given birth to twins, found foreign beets must to her liking and just ate and ate and ate. It is little consolation for me to know that tobacco will now be planted there, since it is said that Chinese goats don't like to chew tobacco!

Next day our water carrier nonchalantly remarked that he had been hem-

orrhaging. This was a minor disaster. For water carriers are important personages in a mission, especially during these hot summer months when countless buckets of water are needed by our immense family. This young man, a former disabled soldier, has apparently developed a stomach ulcer of some sort. That means getting a new water carrier and having one more sick man on my hands.

One would imagine the goat clan had caused enough trouble for a while. But, no! They shortly broke into the news again. This time a junior member of the family fell into a ten-foot well. It took three men, a stout rope, and a fair







# The Sky's The Limit...

for every one of these "balloons"

In other words, they are priceless. Missionary priests have devoted the most valuable years of their lives toward making it possible that these boys be brought up as Catholics. Bishop O'Gara rests many of his highest hopes in their future careers as Catholic men of China. They will be a Catholic leaven in postwar China.

These boys are orphans, a few of the scores of orphaned children being cared for in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China. Under the watchful eyes of the missionaries they play and work and study. Practice in the native crafts of their country—in weaving, wood carving, art work and in farming, prepares them for a useful place in society. Many of their occupations bring in revenue to make the orphanage, in some degree, self-sustaining.

At the present time the maintenance of our orphanages is one of the most challenging problems of the Passionist Missions. The help of all our friends is urgently requested. Whether you are able to contribute much or little, please do not ignore this plea.

Out of the ranks of these orphans will come the fathers of families—Catholic families; professional men—educated, militant Catholics; priests—a native clergy to carry on the work begun by our American priests.

We beg our friends to become part of this Christlike apostolate amongst the children of China.

"Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such."

## ORPHANAGE FUND PASSIONIST CHINESE MISSIONS

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Enclosure \$.....

Address your  
offering to

Rev. Emmanuel Trainor, C.P.  
THE SIGN • UNION CITY, N. J.

amount of time to get the kid out of the hole.

Things were going along smoothly when the Orphanage cook came to me with a sad countenance and a quivering voice. Could I please let him off duty for a few days, he pleaded. His uncle had died that day and it was necessary that he help along with arrangements for the funeral. To be minus a water carrier is bad enough, but to be without a cook for the boys—that really was a worry.

After weighing the matter, I decided on switching our candlemaker to the kitchen and considered the matter settled. But it wasn't just as easy as all that. The gardener whom I asked to carry water for a while handed in his resignation and left me with something worth while to think about. This new difficulty was finally ironed out when I reversed my decision and made the gardener cook and the candlemaker a carrier of water.

These few "unusual" incidents all happened before Father Harold was absent a week. However, the worst was yet to come!

On the eve of the Ascension we had a whale of a rainstorm. It had rained heavily quite a bit recently, but this downpour topped them all. Lying in bed that night I thanked God for a good roof, while the water fell down seemingly in "sticks." Next morning, being concerned with preparations for Mass, I had quite forgotten about the storm. When John, the houseboy, said something to me about a wall, I wasn't especially interested. That is, not until I gathered that it was "our" wall he was talking about.

"Yes," said he, "a big piece of wall near the back gate has been washed down." By this time I had a weak feeling in the pit of my stomach. Here was a real worry and no mistake. I was still a bit dazed when he added: "Another wall also fell down. The one near the rice bin." This startling news almost put me out for the count.

After Mass I went out to see the wreckage. As Hollywood would say, it was "colossal." Altogether about one hundred feet of brick wall, thirteen feet high in some places, was destroyed. With building materials and labor sky high, rebuilding it is going to be a genuine worry.

Anything, I felt, could now happen and I would be shockproof. And, surely enough, other things did happen. That afternoon one of our wilder lads was strutting about on a table placed over a cement floor. Maybe he became so interested in his acting of some character of olden times that he lost his sense of reality. Whatever the cause, he walked off the table backwards onto thin air and landed on his head on the cement floor.

A bigger boy rushed to tell me that Michael Wang was lying on the floor and making "googly" eyes. At first I feared he had cracked his tough little skull or broken a collarbone. Great was my relief to learn that no such serious injury had resulted.

Probably it was the next morning that Felicitia, the woman catechist, informed me the drainage system in their part of the Mission was out of kilter. That meant calling a brickmason to see "what was what." The "what," he discovered, was



**Top: Happy—newly baptized orphans  
Center: Hungry—a chopstick symphony  
Bottom: Hardy—weeding their garden**

that a stonemason was needed to open a hole in the stone foundation of a wall. While we were still engaged about the drainage mishap, Paulinus, the priests' cook appeared, to add to my woe. "The stove won't work," said he. "The flue is out of order. We will have to get it fixed." Fortunately the brickmason was still around to do the "fixing."

Two days ago Grandma Li contributed her bit to the "worry heap." "That hen you gave fifteen eggs to hatch, won't set. She's willing to set at night but gads about during the day." Well, reflected I,

we will salvage those fifteen eggs; especially as eggs are selling at one dollar and ten cents apiece. It was a good thing that this "set-down, get-up" strike began after only two days of setting. We can still give these eggs to the sick.

Beyond a few teachers in the school taking sick and some boys meeting with minor accidents, all is rosy now except one terrible worry that I cannot and must not leave out.

Now here's the worry that confronts us. Perhaps you, kind reader, can and will help us with the solution.

Our Lady's Orphanage is feeding, clothing, sheltering, and educating eighty-five orphan and destitute boys. You will probably be amazed at the present cost of upkeep for this large family. Take, for example, the item of clothing. We try to give the boys two suits a year. At present, coarse cotton cloth costs at least ten dollars per foot. On an average it takes about ten feet per suit. That means a hundred dollars apiece. Multiply this by eighty-five and you get the big total of eight thousand five hundred dollars for half a year's clothes if purchased at the current price.

Then there is the "rice-bowl" problem. Rice has zoomed to the fantastic price of eighteen hundred dollars for what is equivalent to ten very large peck measures. This amount of rice our boys pack away in healthy stomachs every three days. That means spending eighteen thousand dollars per month, just for rice, when we run out of our present supply.

Another nine hundred dollars monthly is required for salt which is now selling at sixteen dollars a pound. According to war-time measures, the Government permits only one half pound monthly per person. An additional nine hundred dollars a month is needed for vegetable oil. This oil is now twenty dollars a pound. We use a scant pound and a half per day.

From these few figures the reader can judge what a lot of money is required for the Orphanage upkeep. Even when one considers that for every American dollar we can get almost twenty Chinese dollars, still expenses run to many American dollars daily. It's a mighty big worry, but we trust in God's Providence to keep the Orphanage doors open. May He inspire many sympathetic and generous readers of THE SIGN to send us at least a widow's mite. Even a dollar will knock a chip off our "worry heap."

As I listen to my orphans chant the Rosary, in the rhythmic tones of their native tongue, I feel ashamed that I should worry for them. Our Lady, their heavenly patroness, is very dear to them. She never has neglected them; and I'm sure she never will.



# Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## False Symbolism

RECENTLY, a headline in a newspaper read thus: Window Depicts Virgin Mary Holding Warship. And below it there was a photograph of a rose window in stained glass, and there was no doubt about it; it was Our Lady, and she was holding a destroyer. "She stands crowned with a model of a destroyer-escort cradled in her left arm," says the description. "Her right arm is at her side with her hand slightly lifted in a protective gesture."

Protective from the destroyer, does it mean? At any rate that seems a logical a conclusion as to decide that the ship was put in her arms for use. To give our Lady, of all the saints, so sinister a thing to hold seems incredible—and even more incredible it is to remove from her arms, in order to place there this temporary weapon of temporary strife, the everlasting Child she has always been presented as holding.

On her left kneels a sailor in prayer; at her right a marine, his gun beside him. If they are protecting her why does she need a warship? The whole idea, though no doubt well intentioned, seems singularly illogical and inept—as inept as the background which contains two cherubim, holding no weapons, I am glad to state, but surrounded by navy craft, barges, a blimp, planes, tanks.

There are plenty of things wrong with the concept, but chiefly it is that it is disturbing to see removed an everlasting symbol of life—the replica of the Christ Child—and to see substituted in His Mother's arm a very temporal weapon of death. For another thing, Our Lady herself always represents life. When she is represented as treading on a snake with her foot or standing on the ball of the world, that is true symbolism. But I cannot see that this cradling in her arms of a battleship is.

Our Lady is life; she is in every way life-giving. To put in her arms, then, a symbol of death is in poor taste and I think it must be poor theology besides. Perhaps, too, some day the weapon she holds will be obsolete. In a past day an artist might well have put a bow and arrow in her hands or a spear, or any of the accepted weapons of an earlier day. I doubt if it has ever been done, however, until we have this window give her, of all things, a destroyer to hold!

## Victory of Another Sort

THE NAME of the chapel, built at the Naval Base at Norfolk, is Our Lady of Victory. Now it is true that one of the titles of Our Lady is that of Victory, but I never thought of it in terms of actual conflict before. One can picture a Joan of Arc thus, of course, or even a Teresa of Spain or a Rose of Lima as actually heading a battle for the right. But to place Our Lady there would be unbelievable. If this window intends to show her power, then it is still bad, for surely when she holds the Child in her arms she has with her the greatest power in the world. The victories she wins are very different from those won by destroyer-escorts. They are the

high victories of the heart, of the will, and they are the victories that will bring about the peace which passes understanding and not those brought about by any war, however just and right.

If this war brings the victory of complete change in the hearts of men, so that charity and justice and loving kindness are indwelling in them, then that will be the real victory, and it will come through Our Lady's Son.

She is love as her Son is love. And as for her title of Victory, she has dozens of others, none warlike, so I venture to say that this one too has as its real interpretation a spiritual one.

## By Way of Contrast

AS CONTRAST to this warlike picture, I read with pleasure the account of a medal of the Blessed Virgin, this time with the Child in her arms. Lieutenant Stanley Greenhouse, winner of other medals including the Distinguished Flying Cross, was proudest of this one, he told reporters. A Catholic tailor with whom he worked before he went to war gave it to him when he was sent abroad. "I know it will see you through all right," he told Stanley.

The Lieutenant, who is Jewish, said he didn't think much about it at the time, but he did like the tailor, so he put the medal about his neck. Home again now, he credits the aid of Our Lady with getting him safely back from forty-six dangerous missions in the South Pacific. He is still wearing the medal. "I wore it around my neck and it's grown on me," he said.

And there is the story of another Jewish lad, this time in Italy, to whom fell the daily and dangerous task of getting water and rations to men up in the front lines. He boarded with an Italian family in their farmhouse, and every evening just when he had loaded his jeep and was ready to go on his errand, the housewife and at least, Milton Miller is sure, a dozen children, came into the kitchen where he was getting a bite to eat. Then everyone stood very silent and grave and the whole Di Lucia family prayed to Our Lady for the safe return of the man who was going out on what he facetiously termed the "milk route." They assured him Our Lady would take care of him, and evidently she has done so.

There was no bombing plane in the arms of the medal which the tailor gave the pilot. And if the Italian family who prayed for the safe return of the water-bearer has seen such a thing, I am sure they would have stared in amazement. A *Bambino* is what she holds, as the simple know and most of the wise, too.

So, even though the intent of the window was good, I hope that for the rest of the war our artists will consider Our Lady's title of Victory as meaning victory beyond war, victory that is only a shadow of that peace which her Son promised. Hers is the victory not as the world knows it, just as His is the peace which the world cannot give. And when in art we give Our Lady a symbol to hold, let it be an eternal and not a passing one, and a symbol of love and not of strife.

# Stage and

Jack Oakie is a friend-in-need to Dick Powell and Linda Darnell in "It Happened Tomorrow"



## Werfel and the Nazis

The tragic period when France was tottering has been utilized by Franz Werfel as the background for a satiric comedy of conflict called **JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL**. The clash, basically one of personalities between a stern, class-conscious aristocrat and a hunted international refugee, broadens to become a symbolic study and a stratospheric flight of fancy. Satirical barbs are directed with telling effect against Nazi ruthlessness, French bureaucracy, public complacency, and political staidness. Werfel's original idea seems to have been an amusing one, but S. N. Behrman's adaptation has cluttered it with unconvincing oratorical spiels, strained melodramatics, and unoriginal observation. The play has many genuinely amusing moments, but most of them are swamped in superfluity.

Jacobowsky, an amiable refugee, and an aristocratic Polish Colonel find themselves companions in the general exodus from Paris. Their mutual distrust and dislike is immediate, but not strong enough to overcome their mutual dependence. The Colonel is en route to a post with his Government-in-Exile: the refugee, on the Nazi *persona non grata* list, is anxious to put miles between himself and the invader. He has bought the last available car in Paris, though he cannot drive. Stern necessity makes strange fellow travelers, and the Colonel agrees to Jacobowsky's proposition. He drives the car, but not in the direction his passenger had hoped. Instead he drives into the teeth of the advancing Nazis, first to rescue his sweetheart and then for a rendezvous with a British rescue party on the coast. Jacobowsky's frantic protests are disdainfully ignored, but his shrewd resourcefulness soon makes him invaluable. Under his subtle influence, the pompous aristocrat undergoes a painful transformation and emerges an enthusiastic, idealistic democrat. Together they sail for England, planning a happy new world after the battle and

C. Aubrey Smith and Gladys Cooper offer excellent support to Irene Dunne in "The White Cliffs"



are bound, we presume, for some further Dumas adventuring.

Louis Calhern accomplishes the seemingly impossible by making the Colonel a believable personality before his regeneration, and a sympathetic one after. Oscar Karlweis, a Viennese actor, imparts a Puckish quality to the refugee. He combines most successfully the pathetic and humorous in what is one of the most effective performances of the year. The third principal in the cast is Annabella, making her Broadway debut after several years in Hollywood. She creates a favorable reaction by her appealing voice and evident ability. However, her part is not sufficiently important to permit her to create more than a shadowy characterization. In the lighter moments the play is much more than adequate, but when the Werfel-Behrman combination attempts profundity it becomes trite, stilted, and as irritatingly pompous and class-conscious as the Colonel from Warsaw.

The Theatre Guild production is handsome and Stewart Chaney's setting admirable. If the script had measured up to the quality of the technical contributions, *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* would have been an exceptionally fine comedy. As now constructed, it serves to focus attention once again on the dearth of able playwrights.

## Showcase

**MRS. JANUARY AND MR. EX** is a sprightly, witty conversation piece. It serves primarily as a vehicle for the stage return of Billie Burke and Frank Craven. If for no other reason than that it presents those likeable actors once again, it rates the consideration of adults seeking light entertainment.

Zoe Akins has written a frothy comedy that is half satire and half Billie Burke, with the latter supplying the brightest moments. She appears as a fabulously wealthy, scatterbrained woman who decides that she must practice for the coming "revolution." Laden with fourteen trunks, jewels galore, and accompanied by three children and a bevy of servants, she descends on the two-family home of a dour ex-President living in quiet New England retirement. He is a wary, conservative Republican named Cooper, the opposite of Mrs. January in everything from personality to politics. After three acts of gay repartee and slim plot ramification, they make the necessary compromises. As the curtain descends, he is drafted as the Republican nominee—the first ever to conduct a cam-

Irene Dunne and Alan Marshall in a romantic shot from the screen version of Alice Duer Miller's poem



# SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

The press acclaim it has received stems from the unwillingness of many critics to pry beneath the silken, suave surface to discover its basic foulness. Actually by technical standards, the play is surprisingly trite and unoriginal. The pace is dawdling, the dialogue is uninspired and flat, rather than sparkling, and there is a general lack of anything more original than a utilitarian setting designed by Stewart Chaney.

As a morale builder it is of decidedly dubious value . . . its moral worth remains at zero. Nor is the picture it paints of the supposedly "average" serviceman, a truly representative one. Millions of them in khaki and blue will testify to that by their actions.

## Postwar Unity

THE WHITE CLIFFS echoes the call for continued unity between the American people and the English. Frankly propagandistic in purpose, as was the Alice Duer Miller poem on which it is based, the film is nevertheless a distinguished drama. Irene Dunne's brilliant performance is principally responsible for the production's lustre. She has never contributed a finer, more intelligent characterization. Coupled with her recent work in *A Guy Named Joe*, it marks her as one of the foremost present-day actresses.

Attention is focused principally on the story of an American girl who marries and settles in England. After her husband is killed in the first World War, she bitterly determines that their son shall never be called on for a like sacrifice.

Joel McCrea and Maureen O'Hara in a tense moment in the Technicolor picture, "Buffalo Bill"



paign with a wife who had once been a registered Communist.

Miss Burke's scintillating presence is the transfusion that keeps the play pulsing. An actress of considerable charm and abundant ability, she creates a character far superior to the inanities foisted on her in Hollywood. Craven's restraint and taciturnity is a decided contrast and a strong asset.

A lightweight political satire of modest pretensions, *Mrs. January* and *Mr. Ex* is pleasant divertissement for mature audiences.

## Playguide

The plays listed below include those now showing on Broadway and touring companies appearing throughout the United States and Canada.

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *Ramshackle Inn*, *Stars on Ice*, *Janie*, *The Patriots*.

**FIRST CHOICE FOR ADULTS:** *Life With Father*, *Othello*, *Oklahoma*, *Rosalinda*, *Junior Miss*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Student Prince*, *Blossom Time*, *Gilbert and Sullivan Repertory*, *Tomorrow the World*, *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Winged Victory*, *The Cherry Orchard*.

**PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:** *Angel Street*, *Kiss and Tell*, *Over Twenty-One*, *One Touch of Venus*, *Three's a Family*, *Sons O' Fun*, *Carmen Jones*, *Lovers and Friends*, *Mexican Hayride*, *Decision*.

**NOT RECOMMENDED:** *Voice of the Turtle*, *Tobacco Road*, *Early to Bed*, *Good Night Ladies*, *Blackouts of 1944*, *Ziegfeld Follies*, *Something for the Boys*, *Two Mrs. Carrolls*, *Wallflower*.

## Protests

Msgr. John Belford's call for action is the latest of many protests against the continued presentation of *The Voice of the Turtle*. Such demands are undeniably within the bounds of reason and necessity, particularly at a time when every responsible religious and civic leader is warning against the threatening tidal wave of moral degeneracy.

There have been plays and musical comedies more blatantly vulgar and shocking than John Van Druten's comedy about a serviceman's romantic interlude. Few of them, however, have been as insidiously indecent in tone and attitude. No justification can be found for its libertine message.



Gradually, in the face of world events, comes the realization that neither she nor her son can avoid the conflict looming on the horizon. He enlists in the Army as a commando; she becomes a nurse in London.

The plot is a simple, unpretentious frame, but it has been developed with considerable care and treated with unusual finesse, lifting it far beyond the ordinary level of similar material. Woven into the story is a strong call for Anglo-American co-operation and amity, employing the verses of Mrs. Miller's poem as a basis. Even those who condemn the use of the screen for any propaganda purpose will readily admit that in this case, the subject matter has been handled tastefully and intelligently.

Alan Marshall, Roddy MacDowall, Peter Lawford, Frank Morgan, Dame May Whitty, Gladys Cooper, and C. Aubrey Smith offer deft interpretations under the skilled directorial touch of Clarence Brown. An especially beautiful musical score and excellent photography are complementary assets. *The White Cliffs* is a family film of distinction. (MGM)

### The Nazi Story

After lampooning the Nazi leaders in countless films, Hollywood now essays a clinical analysis of their diabolical rise to power in *THE HITLER GANG*. Despite the authenticity of the story and the tremendous amount of evident production preparation, as a factual propaganda feature it is less than a spectacular success.

The tone of this semidocumentary film is somber, almost tragic. But the urge to snicker at the caricatures called Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, et al., is a strong one. This serious fault, though not to be blamed on the current depiction, detracts considerably from its effectiveness. It is an unfortunate remnant of the days when the Nazis were not viewed seriously by Hollywood—were instead accorded the cinema status of Keystone Cops. Combined with the undeniable fact that most of the material used is familiar, the net effect is less than satisfactory.

John Farrow deserves the major portion of the credit due for an excellent directorial job. In capturing the decadence of the Nazi philosophy and the ruthlessness of the leaders, he has mastered a most difficult assignment.

Robert Watson, who has been a ludicrous Fuehrer in many slapstick comedies, impersonates the neurotic little corporal cleverly. All the other roles have been cast with particular care and enacted with more than mere capability.

*The Hitler Gang* is a polished production that misses fire mainly because it lacks the original twist every thrice-told tale must have. (Paramount)

### Reviews in Brief

All the excitement and action of the old West is vividly and elaborately re-created in the Technicolor spectacle, *BUFFALO BILL*, based on the life of the Indian fighter, William F. Cody. Joel McCrea assumes the role and invests it with a sincerity and amiability that fits in with the film's contention that Cody was a friend of the tribesmen rather than their enemy. He fought them because he had been deceived by certain Eastern interests. Maureen O'Hara is lovely, but receives little opportunity for histrionic display. Linda Darnell, Thomas Mitchell, and Edgar Buchanan are also to be seen in this action-pageant that will find unlimited favor with the youngsters and satisfy all but the most captious adults. (20th Century-Fox)

Complete lack of good taste and a paucity of any solid dramatic value mark the revival of the antiquated farce, *UP IN MABEL'S ROOM*. As in the case of most objectionable screenplays, audiences soon discover that the underlying story is hackneyed and abounding in cinematic clichés. Even

such usually reliable performers as Gail Patrick, Dennis O'Keefe, and Charlotte Greenwood are powerless to assist. (United Artists)

*IT HAPPENED TOMORROW* is a particularly amusing fantasy which should have a universal appeal for adult audiences. Handled with imagination and intelligence, it develops into one of the most delightful recent releases. A cub reporter in the 1890 era is visited on three successive days by a ghostly old man. Each time he is given a copy of the next day's newspaper with the news chronicled before it has actually happened. This is a great convenience for a struggling reporter, and he becomes famous overnight. The remainder of the fanciful narrative is developed at farce pace, alternating between satire and slapstick. Dick Powell is unusually good in the principal role with Jack Oakie offering strong support. Linda Darnell, John Phillip, and Edgar Kennedy key their performances to the proper farcical pitch. Accepted at face value, this lightweight comedy is consistently enjoyable. (United Artists)

*FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP* is sprightly and timely in its depiction of the overseas camp tour undertaken by Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Mitzi Mayfair, and Martha Raye. The actresses appear as themselves in this re-enactment of the adventures, tragedies, and humorous incidents they encountered touring Army camps in England and the front line in North Africa. The story is a pallid one, and only the incidental appearances of Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda, Dick Haymes, and Jimmy Dorsey bolster the threadbare yarn. The musical sequences in which the guest stars appear are more effective than the artificial "realism" of the overseas jaunt. A second choice for discriminating adults. (20th Century-Fox)

Costume farce is represented in *KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY* with a liberal sprinkling of romance, music, and political maneuverings to provide zest. The setting is old New Amsterdam with a newspaper editor and a crafty governor battling for political supremacy. As diverting entertainment it meets adult requirements, with Nelson Eddy supplying several fine musical interludes and Charles Coburn, Otto Kruger, Constance Dowling, and Johnny Davis acquitting themselves creditably. (United Artists)

Documentary films are playing an increasingly important part in the prosecution of the war and the task of supplying the home front with an accurate picture of events in the battle zones. One of the most impressive in the series is *THE MEMPHIS BELLE*, released by WAC and Paramount Pictures. Though actually the story of the Eighth Air Force, interest has been localized on the crew of one fortress, *The Memphis Belle*. In brilliant Technicolor the entire story of the formation, growth, and combat flights of the Army's air arm is forcefully exhibited. Far better than any synthetic Hollywood version, the careful preflight planning, the actual bombing raids, and the return to home bases are vividly screened and edited into a film of searing, dramatic fire. A historic document of importance for every adult American.

*FOLLOW THE BOYS* is a two-hour vaudeville performance in celluloid with the various acts held together precariously by a gossamer continuity. A tribute to the actors of stage, screen, and radio for their efforts in providing entertainment in camps here and overseas, the film features Jeanette MacDonald, W. C. Fields, Donald O'Connor, Orson Welles, George Raft, and many other well-known stars in their varied specialties. Much of it is routine, but most of it is passably entertaining adult material. (Universal)

# Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL  
ON MATTERS OF GREAT  
OR LITTLE MOMENT

## 4-F's Of History

► THE "DIGEST AND REVIEW," quoting from the *Des Moines "Sunday Register,"* gives quite a galaxy of heroes who would never pass our draft requirements:

It is one of history's ironies that many of the world's greatest military leaders, if called up before a present-day draft board, would be instantly rejected. Take Julius Caesar, for instance. Caesar, we are told, suffered from fits of the "falling sickness" (probably epilepsy). Twenty centuries ago, he conquered the world. Today, he would be just a 4-F.

Then there was the Mongol conqueror, Tamerlane, who overran the East in the late thirteen hundreds. Tamerlane would never have passed a preliminary physical today. His very name means "Timur the Lame."

The famous Marshal Saxe won the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, although he was so ill he could not mount his horse and had to be carried from one part of the field to another on a litter.

Our own George Washington would probably be confined to limited service because he had false teeth.

Britain's one-eyed, one-armed Lord Nelson would never have reached Camp Dodge, although one-armed generals have not been uncommon. Lord Raglan, in the Crimean war, and the French General Gouraud, in the First World War, were both without an arm.

The great Napoleon would not have passed a modern physical. He suffered from bad nerves and a variety of other disabilities. His nemesis in Russia, Kutuzov, was another one-eyed commander.

During the Civil war, the Confederates had a general with a wooden leg, but it didn't seem to hinder him. As a matter of fact, it isn't wooden-legged generals who have brought defeat and disaster to their people—it's wooden-headed ones.

## More Musical Notes

► BENNETT CERF in his column "Trade Winds" in the "Saturday Review of Literature" adds a few stories about musical mighties to the number already going the rounds:

*Toscanini*—Toscanini had a painful experience one evening with a soloist who began his cadenza bravely enough but soon got into difficulty. Obviously flustered, he wandered further and further off key. The maestro and the entire orchestra held their breaths. Just before their cue to resume playing, the soloist managed to recover the original key. Toscanini bowed and said, "Welcome home, Mr. Ginsberg." . . .

*Stokowski*—Everybody must have heard about the night that Stokowski was conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in the rendition of Beethoven's "Leonora Overture Number Three," and the off-stage trumpet call twice failed to sound on cue. Directly the last note of the overture had been played, the apoplectic Stokowski rushed into the wings with murder in his heart. He found the trumpeter struggling in

the clutches of a burly watchman. "I tell you you can't blow that damn thing here," the watchman kept insisting. "There's a concert going on inside!" . . .

*And Sinatra*—No column of musical anecdotes in the year 1944 would be complete without at least one about Frank Sinatra, now known simply as "The Voice" in worshipful radio circles. When Sinatra inaugurated his own weekly program . . . Ginger Rogers was the guest star for his first show, and the rehearsal provided a field day for rabid autograph hounds. One of them carried off the signatures of both Ginger and Sinatra in triumph. A moment later Ginger heard her address a friend disdainfully, "Swap you Sinatra for an ordinary Roosevelt and Churchill? What kind of a dope do you think I am?"

## Verboten

► IN THE ARTICLE, "Spring Books," in the "New York Times Book Review," Robert van Gelder mentions some of the books banned by the Nazis and gives the reasons:

From the newspapers of Europe the United Nations Information Office has culled a number of odd and curious items about books today—their rarity, the black market in them, the dangers that the nervous conquerors see in them.

Item: "The Pied Piper" has been banned by the Nazis because it has in it the pregnant suggestion that a German town can be overrun by rats.

Item: A fable by Andersen, "Little Green Soldier," has been removed from bookshop shelves in Europe. This story tells of a green louse that destroyed rose leaves and, unable to understand that it was destructive, wondered why no one loved it. This tale was considered "suggestive."

Item: A popular Danish playwright has been imprisoned for writing a story about an earwig that dropped in the butter plate of a family out on a picnic. The earwig grew into a monster, occupied more and more space, then killed a member of the family. "Suggestive."

Jules Verne has been banned. The reason: It is believed that he liked Englishmen.

And, perhaps strangest of all, *Alice in Wonderland* has been blacklisted. Reason: The author, says the Nazis, was "unacquainted with the elementary principles of child psychology."

## Advice for Mr. Hull

► AN ITEM MORE unusual perhaps than humorous taken from "Harper's Magazine." Karl Patterson Schmidt offers the following proposal for the improvement of our consular service in South America:

One of the first steps in the improvement of our Latin-American relations should be the expansion and improvement of our consular service. It is with chagrin that, in city after city in South America, the citizen of the United States finds

that he must turn to the friendly British consul if he needs advice or aid. . .

The worst kind of consul is the bored kind—the dissatisfied fellow who would much rather be stationed in Europe and hates the climate and the local conditions anyhow.

I propose the appointment, as consuls, of naturalists. Far from being bored, naturalists would feel privileged to be sent to a station in the jungle or to a town in an Andean valley. They could serve the cause of science well, for our universities have become so fascinated with experimental biology that the no less necessary descriptive sciences, which underlie biology in general, now need strengthening; even if the consul were only a collector he would have an opportunity to pick up new biological material. But my suggestion aims higher: it is to send young men trained in the natural sciences on three-year contracts, with pay sufficient to permit them to marry, take along their wives, and thus double the forces available both for scientific studies and for social contacts.

### Science Reports

► THE "LIGOURIAN" quotes a scientist's complete analysis of the physical and chemical properties of woman, a report based on laboratory experimentation and observation, we presume:

Symbol—W.O.E.

Accepted atomic weight—120.

Occurrence—Found wherever man exists. Seldom in free state.

Physical Properties—Very active. Boils at nothing and may freeze any minute. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties—Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of expensive food. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

Uses—Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits, etc. Equalized distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

Caution—Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands!

### Dependents: One

► EDWARD M. SHERIDAN confined his answers to the questions asked, but failed to convince Uncle Sam of his parenthood. By Frederick C. Othman in "Pax":

The Federal grand jury indicted Edward M. Sheridan, 28, on charges of draft evasion because he had listed his horse as a dependent.

"And why not?" demanded the indignant Sheridan. "Of course she's a dependent. The oats she eats keeps me broke."

Sheridan's horse kept him out of the army for two years because his draft board thought she was two-legged, instead of four.

"So what?" he insisted. "Is it my fault the Government doesn't know how to print up these questionnaires? I didn't tell any lies. I didn't list her as my daughter. I just answered those questions on the sheet honestly."

Sheridan produced a selective service induction blank.

"See," he said, "where it says, 'Sex?' I put down female. That's honest, isn't it? She's a mare."

His G-men questioners had to admit that was true.

"And here it says, 'Name?'" Sheridan continued. "Well, my horse has a name. All horses have names. So I just wrote down her name: 'Mary Ann Sheridan.' She is a very fine horse. A thoroughbred."

Next empty space on the blank called for date of birth.

"And I was perfectly honest there, too," said Sheridan. "I have the record to prove it. My horse was born on September 12, 1941, and that is exactly what I wrote down."

Could he help it, Sheridan demanded, if his draft board presumed he was a pre-Pearl Harbor father? . . .

"Why," he said, "I am not even married. If there had been any blanks on that questionnaire about being married, I would have filled them in, too. Can I help it if the Government doesn't know what questions to ask?"

"I do not think I did wrong," he told the jurors. "Whether Mary Ann is a daughter or a horse is beside the point. She certainly is a dependent. She's eating me out of oats, but she is a thoroughbred and I have every hope she will develop into another Man of War—Woman, I mean."

The jury was not impressed. It sent Sheridan, who would have listed his occupation as mechanic if there'd been a blank, to jail in lieu of \$2500 bail to await trial.

### Superman

► ELMER GERTZ, a Chicago lawyer, and John Tebbel, editor of a New York publishing house, write in collaboration about Colonel McCormick of the "Chicago Tribune" in the "American Mercury":

Colonel McCormick's sense of self-importance is one of the wonders of our generation. In a famous letter to a disturbed reader and ex-employee on February 20, 1942, he conceded that he had been "unable to persuade the Navy and the Administration that airplanes could destroy battleships." But at the same time he pointed out that it was he who introduced ROTC into the schools, introduced machine guns, mechanization, and automatic rifles to the Army, was the first ground officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire, was first to advocate an alliance with Canada, unsuccessfully tried to obtain the fortification of Guam, and failed to prevent the division of the Navy into two oceans. "I did get the Marines out of Shanghai," he concluded, "but was unsuccessful in trying to get the Army out of the Philippines."

Reading this sublime record, Carl Sandburg added: "And on the seventh day he rested."

### Tragedy in P. O. Box

► IN "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" for April is a delightful article by Rev. Albert R. Bandini entitled "P. O. Box." We present the following excerpt:

P. O. boxes are impersonal and strictly businesslike. Very drab cubby-holes; tiers and tiers of little steel cells which, if you have a gruesome imagination, might remind you of a cell block in a prison, though prison-cells, of course, would not be all open in the back and so easily, as a rule, unlocked in front. Your box is a mere receptacle and in order to fancy something exciting about it you have to think of it as the starting point of events that might happen outside of it. For instance, cases of mistaken identity occur sometimes in a P. O. box that may lead to comedy or tragedy. There is only one instance, in my personal experience, of a fatal incident whose locale was actually a P. O. box and that only on account of the lack of information on the part of a European journalist.

A certain distinguished foreigner died some years ago, under suspicious circumstances, in an American town; I happened to see the affair reported in a continental European paper. The writer, mistaking a P. O. address for a residential address, stated that the personage in question had been found dead in P. O. Box 485, in Mamaroneck, N. Y.—or some such town. In my somewhat extensive knowledge of murder stories, that is the only instance of a body being found in such a location.





Black Star Photos

*Marshal Mannerheim, leader of Finland's armed forces in their gallant struggle against the attacks of Soviet Russia*

**By FRANCIS STUART CAMPBELL**

**F**INLAND is about three times the size of New York State and has a population less than that of Chicago. If Finland could be moved over to the Western Hemisphere but remain in its original latitude, its big cities in the south would be on the northern tip of Labrador, while its only Arctic harbor, which is curiously enough ice-free all the year round, would have to be located somewhere in central Greenland. Yet Finland is not as cold as its latitude would indicate; the January average temperature of Helsingfors (Helsinki) is approximately the same as that on the coast of northern Maine. The land itself is neither flat nor mountainous but a plain full of knolls, and lakes; there are more than 60,000 lakes of at least an acre in size. The shores of these lakes as well as the coast, studded with thousands of islands, are hard and rocky. Even in the suburbs of the large cities, large rocks of granite and red igneous material rise suddenly above the ground. This is a hard and rugged country, and it harbors a hard and resilient human race. This is a country of endless, impenetrable forests, of some of the most powerful waterfalls in Europe, of the midnight sun and the aurora borealis. There is nothing artificial about it, and if you live in Finland you live more than anywhere else in Europe at the very bosom of nature.

The population (3,750,000) is even

more interesting than the romantic country. The original inhabitants, who are the brothers of the Estonians, the cousins of the Hungarians, and distant relatives of the Turks, are not Indo-Europeans. Although there is a philological school which tries to prove the contrary, it seems that they were of mongoloid origin. They have a few disagreeable qualities (what nation is free of them?) and they are not given to metaphysical speculation. But they are nevertheless immensely gifted, and in ratio to their small number they have produced an astounding number of poets, architects, composers, scientists, engineers, and prose writers. Other impressive qualities they possess are their cleanliness, piety, loyalty, endurance, and imagination. And they are honest. Their honesty borders on the miraculous.

However, besides the Finns there are the Finlanders, the non-Finnish inhabitants of the Republic; practically all of them are Swedes. Most of these live along the western and southern shores but a few dwell in the interior, where they constitute to a certain extent the aristocratic element of yore. Once the masters of the country, they are today a small minority (11 per cent) but still more important than their number indicates. Almost one-fourth of the university students are *Finländare*. In the last sixty years an almost continuous struggle between the two groups seeking

# Finland: Gallant Little Nation

special privileges for their language has been going on. But this fight is nothing more than a storm in a teakettle. In all vital questions concerning their country, Finns and Finlanders have stood together.

The Finns themselves are the depositories of the older cultural tradition. Their great epic, the *Kalevala*, can be compared only with the *Nibelungen Saga*, the *Edda*, or the Homeric classics. Finland's modern culture and civilization, on the other hand, are distinctly Scandinavian in character. Finnish cities, Finnish food, Finnish public institutions, and the whole Finnish way of life are akin to the Swedish equivalents. Although geographically not on the peninsula, Finland is a Scandinavian country; the love for liberty and representative government which is so deeply ingrained in Finland is a trait common to all northern countries from Iceland to the Russian border. A stepped-up intellectual activity distinguishes Finland from the rest. Peasants have libraries which would shame American professional men. Almost 10 per cent of the youth gets a college education. The study of medicine takes sixteen semesters, and the phenomenon of a peasant girl milking a cow and wearing the student's cap of a graduate school is not infrequent.

The country itself is very poor in resources. Waterpower, timber, a nickel and a copper mine is all Finland has in the way of raw materials. The general well being of the population is thus primarily due to the diligence, intelligence, and *sisu* (aggressive endurance) of the Finns. It is interesting to compare the living standards of the Finns, who have little natural wealth, with that of the Rumanians, who have the richest soil and practically all metals besides oil. The difference is astounding.

Finnish history is relatively simple. The indigenous population, which had no centralized political organization, was conquered by the Swedes during the Middle Ages. Saint Eric, King of Sweden,

**Finland has rigid standards of honor, and will fight to the last man for the preservation of her independence**

and St. Henry, the first bishop in Finland, converted the pagan population. Finland then formed a part of the eastern possessions of the Swedish Kingdom until the Russians reached the Baltic, started to build St. Petersburg on enemy territory, annexed the southeastern corner of Finland in two wars, which were terminated in 1721 and 1743, and finally established the Kymi River as a border. These conquests were the beginning of the end.

The climax came in 1809 when Sweden lost the rest of Finland, and the country was loosely joined to the Russian Empire as a semi-independent grand-duchy. Until the end of the nineteenth century the rights and privileges of Finland were fairly respected by the Emperors, but the rising Russian chauvinism persuaded them to try a policy of Russification which the inhabitants resisted fiercely. The Russian Government abolished the Finnish privileges one by one, and these efforts were continued even after the Governor of Finland was assassinated by a student. Thousands of Finns were thrown into jail and the amused contempt of the Finns for their

unwashed and ill-kempt overlords was turned into blank hatred.

This hatred blazed into white fury when the Russian soldiers stationed in Finland embraced bolshevism, and in collaboration with Finnish Communists tried to sovietize the country. The German Army came to the aid of the numerically superior but unarmed anti-Communists. In a series of battles fought with unparalleled savagery, since the struggle had the character of a civil war, the bolsheviks were defeated. Finland was free and, after the breakdown of Germany, without binding foreign obligations. Local warfare against the Russians continued in Karelia and northern Ingria, and far-seeing soldiers and politicians insisted that the country should do everything within its power to liberate all Finns from the Russian yoke.

Yet the nation was weary from the prolonged struggle and a treaty was signed in Tartu (Estonia) in 1920 which gave Finland nothing but a precarious access to the Arctic Ocean in the north and the promise to carry out a plebiscite in eastern Karelia. This plebiscite was the forerunner of all other Soviet plebis-

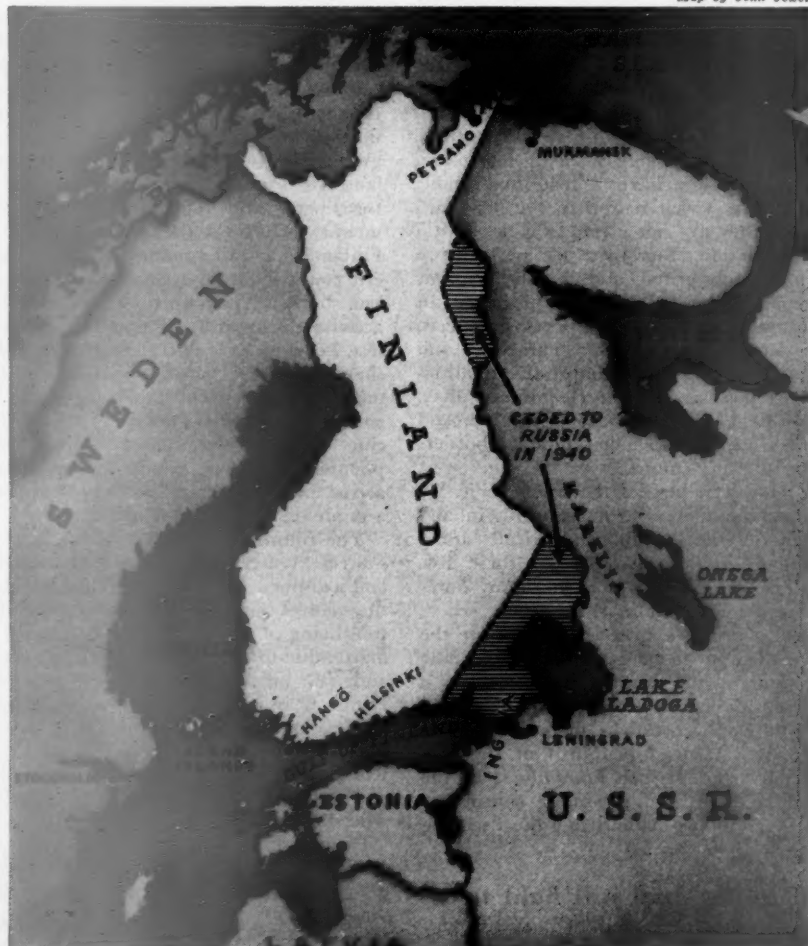
cites and showed a result almost one hundred per cent in favor of the USSR. Northern Ingria was quickly Russianized, and the population scattered over Siberia. Karelia was made the classic province for concentration camps. Since that time Finland has lived in constant fear of the Soviet Union. Helsingfors was, in the time between the two wars, the only European capital in which gas masks were sold at all times to the public, and where women were drilled for military purposes. Finland, no less than the Baltic states, was living at the brink of an abyss, and the Finns were always deeply conscious of it.

This consciousness or subconsciousness of an impending disaster helped Finland somewhat to keep her religiosity, which in other Protestant countries was so strongly exposed to the forces of secularization. Finland was, like the rest of the North, a Catholic country before the Reformation, which in Scandinavian countries did not have as in Germany the character of a religious revolt. Lutheranism was smuggled surreptitiously by the kings and corrupt bishops into these unsuspecting nations. So little changed externally are divine services that Lutheran boy scouts from Hungary who were at the Jamboree in Gödöllő in 1933, were shocked at the "popery" and were convinced they had strayed into a Catholic rather than a Protestant church. Divine Service in the North is still substantially the Mass without transubstantiation. Neither were Luther's anti-episcopal precepts followed. (There were no German Lutheran bishops between the Reformation and 1933). Special care was taken in Finland to allay the suspicions of the shrewd natives that some vital change had taken place in the religious sphere; never did the government dare to abolish the feast days of Our Lady. The second of February, the twenty-fifth of March, and the fifteenth of August are still legal holidays in Finland.

At a later period the Finns became aware of what had happened, but they were told that the Catholics were the ones who had deviated from the straight path. For centuries there were no Catholics in Finland; in the nineteenth century a small Catholic church dedicated to St. Henry was built in Helsinki (Helsingfors). Later Dutch priests started to reorganize Church life, and the number of Catholics started slowly to increase.

There are still a few very minor limitations the Church has to face in Sweden and in Norway, but none whatsoever in Finland, where all orders could settle down and even Cabinet ministers could be Catholics. The number of Catholics is about two thousand and the number of mixed marriages is naturally very large, but the absolute reliability of the Finn and his respect for the given word

Map by John Jewell



make it less of a hazard than in other countries. Converts range between forty-five and eighty every year; they belong intellectually to the "upper brackets." Usually they are people with traveling experience in Catholic countries. The prejudices against Catholicism and Catholics are very deep, but malice is not the reason for this phenomenon; the geographical isolation of Finland from the Catholic world is the true reason, though an added factor among the less-educated layers is the assumption that the Roman Catholics must be more or less like the "Greek Catholics," which term all Finns erroneously apply to the extremely unpopular (Russian) Greek Schismatics.

The Finnish Lutherans themselves are a fine, churchgoing group. Agnosticism, the great spiritual cancer of Scandinavia, is much weaker in Finland. Curiously enough there are strong puritanical tendencies in Finnish Lutheranism, which has in certain regions been influenced by the Laestadian sect. Rural ministers would undermine their prestige if they should drink even with moderation. Many of them do not smoke for the same reason. The very ideal of the Finnish "Christian Young Man" might go to the movies but not to the legitimate stage nor would he touch a pack of cards. The family life of the Finns is devoted and edifying.

Finland in the time between the wars was to the casual observer very idyllic. Nowhere else in the world could be found such a sane balance between spiritual, intellectual, and material values. Yet the more intelligent Finns knew that the coming European war would never stop before their gates. In the long run the USSR could never tolerate this small garden of prosperity and social peace before its very nose, only fifteen miles from the gray misery of Leningrad. Finland had challenged Russia by its mere existence, just as Austria challenged the Third Reich. And Russia, under the pretext that the three and three-quarter million Finns were a "menace" to the security of the 170 million Soviet citizens, attacked its neighbor.

That war during the winter of 1939-1940 ended as it had to end. The Russians in the full possession of the Aunus Isthmus cracked the back door of Finland north of Lake Ladoga, which in turn forced the Finns to give up the Karelian Isthmus. As a result the Soviet Union received the fateful borders of 1721 and in addition the Hanko peninsula and some additional territory in the North. Hanko is the only ice-free port in the South. The border of 1721 puts central Finland at the mercy of the USSR.

The Russian demand for the "safety of Leningrad" by territorial concessions

is the classical example of the immorality of the clamor for strategic borders. This Soviet claim for more *Lebensraum* was hotly defended by all fellow travelers all over the world. But we wonder what the reaction of decent people would be if the Argentines should suddenly invade Uruguay under the pretext that they



Britta Hanell, daughter of a general, in the uniform of the nursing corps

have to safeguard the position of Buenos Aires; if Italy had annexed the Swiss Ticino in order to protect Milan; if the Danes had bombed South Sweden to strengthen the defenses of Copenhagen; or, to bring the examples nearer home, if the United States should dispatch an ultimatum to Canada demanding the surrender of the Province of Ontario to make Detroit "safe." This Soviet clamor for strategic borders and more *Lebensraum* has by no means abated, and there are still many who defend the proposition that a thinly populated country which owns more than one-sixth of the earth has to quarter and to halve its small neighbors in order to enjoy peace and security.

The problems Finland had to face after the defeat of 1940 were manifold; the hardest task was to resettle the total population of evacuated Western Karelia. Only a very old peasant couple on the Karelian Isthmus had chosen to stay. The reproach that the Finns never will trust the Russians is true, nor is their mistrust unfounded. One has only to remember Molotov's speech on October 31, 1939, when he said: "We stand for the scrupulous and punctilious observance of pacts on a basis of complete reciprocity, and we declare that all non-

sense about sovietizing the Baltic countries is only to the interest of our common enemies and of all anti-Soviet provocateurs." As long as the Red Army controlled Finland with the nutcracker of Hanko and Western Karelia, Finnish independence could be nothing but an illusion.

Finland took the opportunity of the Russo-German war to regain its lost territories and succeeded in occupying the Karelian as well as the Aunus Isthmus. But the area between the White Sea and Lake Onega remained in Russian hands. Her military situation is therefore very precarious, and there is no doubt that the Soviet Union will be able to overwhelm Finland by superior military power once Germany is beaten.

From a moral point of view the situation is not complicated. The Finns invoke the principles of the Atlantic Charter and demand self-determination; yet the Atlantic Charter has been scrapped for friends and foes alike. According to Mr. Churchill this noble document will not be employed in the case of Germany nor in the case of Poland. From a military point of view Finland's situation is next to desperate; the well-meaning advices of responsible American authorities to drop the hated German alliance and to "get out of the war" as quickly as possible have no practical value unless the United States is able to guarantee that a surrender does not mean annihilation. But the record of the policy of the Western Powers toward Russia is not such that the forthcoming of such a guarantee is likely or, perhaps, even possible. The poor show of Britain and the United States in the case of Poland (which after all is an ally and anything but a state confederated with Germany) makes all American appeals illusory. Finland has very rigid standards of honesty and honor; she will prefer to fight to the last man, woman, and child rather than to accept conditions which are either entirely dishonorable, as some of the Soviet propositions were, or plainly suicidal. Yet perhaps the Soviets will change their attitude for diplomatic and strategic reasons. Time alone will tell.

The fate of Finland, the first entirely non-Catholic nation to take up diplomatic relations with the Vatican, stands very near to the heart of the Holy Father, who has documented repeatedly his sympathies for this deeply Christian nation. As soon as conditions permit it a nuncio will be sent to Finland to whose aid in her earlier struggle so many Catholics from all parts of the world had come as volunteers. The fate, welfare, and religious values of almost four million fellow Christians, whatever their creed, concerns in a very special manner every Catholic.



# Home Girl

by Ray Black



Through the hiss of the burners she heard Pete's voice calling her in desperation . . . "Shelly!" . . . She sagged exhaustedly at the base of a fruit-laden tree

ALL morning the tractor's grumbling voice, coming from the fruit-laden grove, had filled the house. But now it had ceased, and Shelly knew Pete had finished spraying the oranges. She whisked off her apron, stepped out on the kitchen porch where she could see him moving among the trees, stopping occasionally to examine a laden branch.

"Hey, chubbin," she called gaily, making a megaphone of her hands. "Man must eat, you know."

Pete saw her then, and his smile was a slow spreading of white against his coating of Florida tan. Shelly tried to forget that Wanda Horton had shared this same slow smile of Pete's in generous measure only last night.

Pete had stopped to prop a sagging limb, and Shelly breathed a fervent prayer that the radio weather forecast about frost would be wrong. There was so much to lose. Not only the fruit. . . .

Pete was at the porch edge now, whack-

ing muck dust from his clothing, talking in his deep, confident voice.

"The work is done, darling," he was saying. "All but the cutting and shipping and waiting for the ghost to walk—in the form of Dale Meyers, the Association buyer."

Shelly was standing on the porch above him, hands on his shoulders, and Pete had turned his slow smile up at her.

"Pete," she said, choosing words carefully. "The radio predicts a freeze within twenty-four hours. Isn't that silly, darling?"

Pete's smile faded and his gaze swept sharply aloft. The sky was deep blue, feathered with cirrus, and the noonday sun was hot. Slowly he wagged his head.

"Yes," he stated flatly. "It is. There's not a speck of frost in that."

"Of course not," Shelly laughed. "I just thought it my wifely duty to tell you."

But, looking into his upturned face,

Shelly knew it *had* to be wrong. Being unable to have things worried Pete.

"Dale Meyers was out this morning," he was saying. "Offered to buy us out for five thousand on the tree. But I told him no go. We've done the hard work—we'll stay for the jackpot."

"Five thousand! Oh, Pete, don't you think we—you'd better sell now instead of taking the chance of cutting and shipping? So many things can happen—"

"My conservative darling," Pete said, burlesquing an expression of severity. "The answer is 'no.' An orange in the crate is worth two on the bush. Aside from that, you don't look your lovely best in last year's diamonds!"

"Peter!" Shelly entreated. But he was laughing, headed for the bath, and with a little lump in her throat, Shelly watched the rhythmic swing of his incredible shoulders.

"Phil Horton's coming down this afternoon," Pete said from the landing. "Tell you about it soon as I'm decent."

"Have you forgotten the meeting of the Growers' Association in town this afternoon?" Shelly asked. "We've never missed—"

"Sure, sure," Pete said. "But this other is more important. I'm chiefly concerned with increasing the Barrett fortune."

"But Mr. Holland, the big grower from Tampa, is going to talk. You've always been interested in his methods, Pete."

"Especially how he crossed a Fordson tractor with a Georgia mule. Not this time, Shelly."

Shelly went into the kitchen then. Phil Horton was something in Miami real estate and had made tentative efforts to interest Pete in a partnership. Horton was a persuasive talker and Shelly had sensed Pete's lagging interest here in the home they'd worked so hard to build.

Pete was tiring of the place Shelly had come to love. She could understand

that a home would not mean so much to Pete as to herself. But she hadn't expected him to lose interest. And it seemed that the blue stucco house had always been hers and Pete's—a heritage from her earliest dreams. The long rows of citrus trees stretching greenly across the muck flats were just as she had dreamed them.

The thought that Pete might be bored with her, and not with their home, struck a spearhead of fear through Shelly's heart. Only three years of marriage. It couldn't be! Then she thought of last night. They'd gone to Miami to see Phil Horton, and Phil's beautiful, blonde wife, Wanda, had suggested the Beach. Pete and Wanda had been together most of the afternoon.

"Just tramping over the dunes like a couple of kids," Pete had explained it on the way home.

"She's charming, isn't she, Pete?" Shelly asked.

"Yes, she is," Pete said. "Horton doesn't understand her, though. Difference in ages, I suppose."

"How tragic," Shelly said, recalling the look she'd seen in Wanda Horton's gray-green eyes whenever Pete came near her.

"Meow," Pete grinned and Shelly's face flamed with mortification.

"Shelly," Pete's voice broke into her thoughts. "Car turning in the drive."

Shelly got to the door just as the yellow-and-chrome roadster crunched to a stop on the cochina rock drive, and she saw Phil Horton get out. Horton was crisp and dark and dressed in immaculate whites. He waved breezily and his step was quick up the walk.

"Lo," he greeted. "Is the farmer in the dell?"

"He's defumigating," Shelly laughed. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks," Phil Horton said, and Shelly wondered why Wanda Horton hadn't come with him.

"Wanda's resting," Phil Horton said with the amused grin Shelly had noted before and she felt that he had read her mind.

"She's got a big night planned. Pete told you, I suppose."

Pete hadn't mentioned it and Shelly knew a stab of jealousy. She started to explain, stammering in embarrassment.

"Pete's been terribly busy with the spraying—"

"Sure, sure," Phil Horton said and Shelly wished he wouldn't look at her with that X-ray gaze.

"What's Pete think of the predicted frost?" Phil Horton said. "Got the re-

port on my car radio on the way down."

"Pete's an optimist," Shelly said, smiling.

Pete came downstairs then, dressed in slacks and sweater.

"Come along, doll," he smiled. "It's too hot to dudge in the kitchen."

"Lo, Pete," Phil Horton greeted.

Pete sat down, and Shelly listened while they talked real estate.

"It's a good proposition, Pete," Phil Horton elaborated. "New development in Lake County. I've got an inside track. Government plans to put an Army Post in that locality and those pine flats will turn into gold. It's the chance of a lifetime. For five thousand I can cut you in on the deal. We'll have option on every piece of land bordering Lake Okenooke!"

He slapped Pete on the leg, mopping his face with a silk handkerchief. Shelly said nothing, but the plans she and Pete had made seemed to crumple there on the broad lawn.

Pete spoke after a moment, and Shelly sensed his acquiescence. And she knew, instinctively, that shrewd Phil Horton had snared Pete with his talk of big money.

"Well," Phil said, glancing at his watch. "I'll run along now. See you and Shelly tonight."

"At eight," Pete said, shaking hands.

"In the meantime," Phil grinned, "think over the proposition. It's a gold mine, old man!"

Then he was gone, and Pete was grinning. "It's our lucky day," he enthused. "We're headed for real money, Shelly!"

"We'll be awfully sorry, Pete," Shelly said. "We've just begun to see real improvement here. Don't you remember, Pete, how we planned and saved to have a place of our own? No more frenzied efforts to carve security out of scattered jobs? I don't like to oppose—"

"For heavens' sake, Shelly," Pete said in irritation. "You make it sound morbid. It's just that—well, that Phil Horton believes I am wasting my time here. Together we could make lots of money."

"I'm sorry," Shelly said and walked inside. Pete followed her.

"Had I told you we were going up to Miami tonight?" he asked.

"No," Shelly said. "But it's all right—if you think we shouldn't be here at the grove. You haven't forgotten about the predicted freeze?"

"I've never known you to be dramatic," Pete snapped. "If you'd rather not—" He shrugged.

By the time they were ready to leave, the temperature demanded coats, but

Pete insisted that frost was not imminent.

"It's just another scare," he minimized, snapping off the radio. "Have them every season."

Shelly had decided not to oppose him further. "Of course, dear," she smiled, smoothing a prodigal curl. "I'm ready."

Pete was strangely surly on the drive to Miami, and Shelly was relieved when they turned into the Horton driveway.

Wanda Horton met him at the door, and Shelly winced when she saw Pete's glance linger on the black, strapless evening gown she wore so becomingly. Wanda Horton's smile revealed excellent teeth.

"Just a few intimates," she exclaimed, waving her hand to indicate the guests moving inside the large house. "We—Philip and I—thought it appropriate to have sort of a 'doings,' as he calls it, to celebrate the new partnership."

Pete was hugely pleased and was smiling broadly.

"Why, thanks," he said.

"Come along, my dear," Wanda Horton said, taking Shelly's arm. "I want you to meet people. You must be starved for companionship tucked away in that little place of yours."

Horton came up, smiling tolerantly.

"Nice couple," he said, jerking his head toward Pete and Wanda Horton.

Shelly smiled, hating Horton's analytic gaze. "They do dance well," was all she said.

"Uh, huh," Phil Horton grunted. "Shall we try?"

They danced the remainder of the waltz, and Shelly caught glimpses of Pete drinking at the glass-and-chrome bar with Wanda Horton holding possessively to his free arm.

Shelly excused herself, went into the cloak room where she turned on the radio. She couldn't keep the impending frost from her mind. Doors and windows were open and she could feel the sharp nip of the wind.

She listened a moment while the announcer gave varying temperature reports, predicting a new low before morning. And suddenly she hated herself for being here. She should be home. That was it! Home, where all she and Pete had worked and sacrificed for stood vulnerable to a silent, insidious enemy called "frost." The long years of planning and hoping and working passed swiftly across her mind and she knew that she would have to be there, fighting to save what was hers and Pete's, even if it meant losing Pete.

She took her wrap, stepped out a side door, and the blare of the dance band faded from her ears. It was cold, growing colder. Shelly took her roadster. Phil—and Wanda Horton—could drive Pete down when the party was over. Or

**Pete was thinking of the Barrett fortune. So was Shelly.**

**But she wanted her home. And she wanted Pete most of all**

maybe Wanda alone. . . This stabbed her.

It was growing colder now, fast. Thirty minutes later she turned recklessly into their own driveway, and the high-pitched wail of the automatic thermometer laid its warning voice across the cold air.

*Twenty-five degrees!* Their fruit would not survive long in this cold. There was no time to change clothes. Shelly ran down the long line of trees in her slippers, branches tearing at her gown. But the grove had to be fired!

She lighted an oil-soaked torch, working frantically at the oil burners. She was glad that Pete had explained their operation to her. She would at least save the young, tender trees. There had to be something for tomorrow. Something for tomorrow!

Shelly wondered what tomorrow would mean without Pete.

Hours later Shelly crumpled, exhausted, under a laden tree. Dense clouds of oil smoke billowed through the grove, laying its protective coating around the ripe fruit. Her clothes were torn and her eyes burned like fire—but the heaters were throwing their life-giving flames into the air, and she could feel the temperature rising ever so slightly.

But she had only begun. The burners had to be filled and refilled. Carrying heavy cans of oil, Shelly realized that all this effort would be in vain. Didn't Pete want to go into partnership with Phil Horton? And wouldn't it take the money they would get for these oranges to do this? The thought that if the frost were victorious Pete would be unable to leave the place she had come to love, raced through Shelly's head.

But no. It meant more than that. Saving this fruit amounted to something deeper. It was home—hers and Pete's. If Pete wanted something else—it was her place to help him. Just so Pete wanted her!

Shelly lost track of time then in the intermittent screeching of the automatic thermometer as it raised above then dropped below the danger zone. But finally she heard it no more and she knew that she was winning. But burners were spitting and sputtering and she dragged her weary body to refill them.

Then through the hiss of the burners she heard Pete's voice calling her in desperation, and she sagged exhaustedly at the base of a fruit-laden tree.

"Shelly!" he was running through the grove, calling her name. He raced up, out of breath, clothes awry and torn.

"Shelly!" he gasped, dropping to his knees beside her. "Oh, my dear!"

"It's all right, Pete," Shelly managed, smiling weakly through soot and oil and scratches.

"Shelly!" Pete said, standing erect.



Frost? Pete's smile faded and his gaze swept sharply aloft

His hands were clenched, the muscles of his lean jaw standing out whitely. He stooped, gathered her up as the thermometer again screamed its warning against the encroaching cold.

Shelly felt the reassuring strength of Pete's arms, and a delicious feeling of complete relaxation stole through her numbed body. She knew that Pete was running, and heard his voice, as if from a great distance, consoling her. But she could force her tired senses to function no longer, and dropped into a deep sleep. And she didn't know when Pete laid her tenderly on her bed and bathed her bruised face with cold water.

Sunlight was shafting through the windows, and a warm breeze was ruffling the curtains when Shelly awoke. She sat up wildly. Then she saw Pete stretched in a chair close by, and her heart swelled. His face was torn from orange thorns. Soot and blood made an ugly mixture on his face, and his clothes were in tatters. But he had not looked better the day she had married him.

A lump formed in her throat and tears stung her eyes when she ran to the window and saw the trees, soot-coated, but still laden with their wonderful, living fruit, stretching across the muck flats. She tip-toed back and kissed Pete on the forehead. The she went for water and towels.

"O-o-w," Pete said when she started bathing his bleeding face.

Then he was looking up at her with bloodshot eyes.

"Hi-Angel," he said, smiling his slow smile, and Shelly's heart constricted, and her knees seemed to turn to water.

"Pete, I—" She began.

"Hush," Pete said. "Angels are always right."

"Darling!" Shelly said and kissed him long on the mouth.

"Angels are forgiving, too, aren't they?" he asked.

"There's nothing to forgive, Pete," Shelly said. "Unless I should forgive you for being the man I love."

"Ah!" Pete said, and his eyes closed.

Just then Shelly heard a car turn in the drive and saw that it was Phil Horton.

"Pete," she said. "Don't go to sleep, yet. Phil Horton is here."

Pete raised an eyebrow.

"Tell him I don't know a real estate plot from a fat-pine stump!" he said.

"Thank you, Peter," Shelly said.

Pete was smiling with his eyes closed. "And while you're about it, Angel, call Dale Meyers and tell him the Barrett's have oranges to sell—choice fruit!"

Pete dropped into a deep sleep then. "I'll—I'll tell them, Peter!" Shelly whispered, and closed the door softly.





• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

### **Jurisdiction over Non-Catholic Marriages**

*Does the Catholic Church claim authority to regulate the marriages of non-Catholics?—R. M., SO. ORANGE, N. J.*

The general position of the Catholic Church is briefly stated in Canon Law as follows: "The marriage of baptized persons is regulated not only by the divine law but also by canonical law, the civil power being competent in regard to the purely civil effects of marriage." (Canon 1016)

Marriage in its essential nature is a contract. All that is required by the law of nature for a valid contract is necessary for marriage. Thus, by the natural law it is necessary for a matrimonial contract that the parties have the use of reason and be physically capable of fulfilling the contract. The divine positive law also has prescriptions concerning marriage, and as an example we have the prohibition against polygamy, either simultaneous or successive. The Church can neither abrogate nor dispense the prescriptions of the natural and the divine laws.

Christian marriage has been raised by Christ to the dignity of a Sacrament. When two baptized individuals enter into the matrimonial contract, they, by that very contractual act, receive the Sacrament of Matrimony. The Sacrament of Matrimony being a religious thing is included under the authority Christ gave His Church in such matters. Furthermore, by Baptism men become subject to the Church whether they are willing or not. For these reasons the Church claims the full, independent, and exclusive power over the marriage of all baptized persons.

Naturally this claim to authority on the part of the Catholic Church will be disputed and rejected by many, but it is a perfectly logical conclusion from the general position of the Church regarding the exclusive powers in religious matters bestowed on her by Christ Himself. It must be added, however, that this does not exclude the recognition on the part of the Catholic Church that her claims may be rejected in good faith by many baptized non-Catholics. Neither does it justify the rash assertion that of necessity the Church must judge all marriages of non-Catholics to be invalid. Concerning this latter point we shall have more to say in another question.

Relative to the marriages of Christians, the Catholic Church denies that the civil power has any authority over the bond itself or what is essential to it. It is recognized that the civil power has authority over certain civil effects of matrimony

which pertain to the temporal order and which may need regulation in the interest of the common good. Thus, the civil government may make laws about inheritance, the right of succession, and require certain formalities, such as registration, as a condition for granting legal value to a canonically valid marriage.

The Church does not legislate for the marriages of the unbaptized. She may, however, have to pronounce on their validity, as in the case of converts or of a person seeking to marry a Christian after a previous marriage. If it can be proved that such a marriage was contracted with an impediment of the natural or divine law, it will be declared null. As long as it stays within the limits set by the natural and the divine laws, the Church recognizes in the supreme civil authority the power to regulate the marriages of unbaptized citizens.

### **Validity of Marriages of Non-Catholics**

*In a magazine that specializes in attacks on the Catholic Church, I recently read the following statement: "Up to 1908 the Catholic Church had taught that all Protestant marriages were absolutely invalid." Is this correct?—NON-CATHOLIC READER, NEWARK, N. J.*

From the context of a statement headed "Let Us Protest This" from which the quotation in the question is taken, it is evident that the writer is referring to Church legislation relative to the form of matrimony. By the form of marriage is meant the formalities pertaining to the making of the contract, as the presence of a priest and witnesses.

History reveals that from the very first, Christians hallowed their marriages by acts of religion. The Church gave her solemn benediction to the bridal pair, and the Mass formed the chief feature of the nuptial celebration. But, as we have so often mentioned, the Church taught and teaches today that the constitutive element of the Sacrament of Matrimony is not the benediction of the priest but the mutual consent of the partners.

This prepares the way to say something about clandestine or secret marriages which were contracted without the presence of a priest or even witnesses. It was recognized and is still recognized that such marriages could contain the essential element of the contract but were open to grave abuses. Because of this danger of abuse, the Church prohibited clandestine marriage under pain of penalty. The

point we wish to emphasize here, however, is that even when her commands were flouted, the Church did not question the validity of marriages entered into without the observance of the formalities required by law.

When the Council of Trent met to remedy abuses in the Church, one of the things studied was clandestine marriages. All merely prohibitive regulations had failed. A drastic step was necessary, and so it was decreed that no marriage would be recognized as valid unless it took place in the presence of the properly authorized priest and of two or three witnesses. This law was incorporated in the famous *Tametsi Decree*, so-called from its opening words.

It is evident from the above brief survey that previous to the decree of the Council of Trent, the Catholic Church could not and did not look upon the marriages of baptized Protestants as invalid any more than she did the marriages of Catholics which took place without the observance of the proper formalities.

Since the Catholic Church claims authority to legislate in matrimonial matters for all baptized Christians, what effect did the *Tametsi Decree* have on marriages of Protestants in the eyes of the same Church? It was seen that such marriages would have to be considered as invalid, but this was remote from the intentions of the Council, and steps were taken to prevent it. It was felt that this could be achieved by making the binding force of the law for both Protestants and Catholics dependent on promulgation. A general promulgation would not be sufficient in this case, but it was required that the law be promulgated in every parish. In Protestant districts the decree would not be promulgated, and so the old law would still hold. This is just what happened, and there were no grounds under such circumstances for the Church to consider Protestant marriages as invalid because of the non-observance of the form required by the *Tametsi Decree*.

What of marriages of baptized Protestants in districts where the decree had been promulgated? At first it was held that they were invalid, but gradually the position was taken that it was not the intention of the Council of Trent to bind non-Catholics. This position was made official by Pope Benedict XIV in his decision concerning Protestant marriages in the Netherlands. This ruling was extended to other countries and it was decreed that the marriage between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic and that between baptized non-Catholics were valid even if the form of marriage prescribed by the Catholic Church was disregarded.

This was the situation relative to the form of marriage up to the time Pope Pius X issued his *Ne Temere Decree*. This decree was issued to do away with the varying marriage legislation due to the promulgation or nonpromulgation of the law of the Council of Trent. This decree became effective April 19, 1908 and with slight modifications was incorporated into the Code of Canon Law. The legislation of the Code on this point is contained in canon 1099 and is as follows: "Non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized, who contract among themselves are nowhere bound to observe the Catholic form of marriage."

We shall now be content to leave our fair-minded readers to judge the reliability of the source from which the statement that prompted the discussion was taken.

#### Book by Joseph McCabe

*Recently a non-Catholic friend sent me "The Popes and Their Church," by Joseph McCabe. This book makes a violent attack on the Catholic Church. Are there any sources easily available for refutation?—E. G. B., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.*

Joseph McCabe is an ex-priest, a former member of a Catholic religious order in England. He left his monastery and also abandoned the Faith in 1896. He has written several

books not only against the Catholic Church but against religion and Christianity in general. The one good service we can credit him with is his refutation of the common anti-Catholic charge that immorality exists in convents and monasteries.

There can be no superficial refutation of books such as McCabe's. The problem must be considered in its fundamental aspects. Is Jesus Christ divine as well as human? Did He found a Church to which He gave authority to teach in His name? Did He guarantee that teaching authority with the gift of infallibility? Did Christ promise to be with the Catholic Church until the end of time in spite of attacks from without and failures within? The Catholic accepts these and many other doctrines on the evidence of reason and faith. McCabe and those like him reject them, and this rejection is at the basis of their attacks on religion and the Catholic Church.

It must be remembered also that we do not accept the Catholic Church because of the good lives of some Catholics nor do we abandon it because of the evil lives of others. There has been and there always will be plenty of the human element in the Church. If there was not something more it would long since have disappeared from the earth. Another matter to be considered is the personal equation in relation to faith in God, Christ, and the Catholic Church. Why does McCabe, the Catholic, become an agnostic and an unbeliever? On the other hand a Newman, a Ward, a Manning, a Baring, a Chesterton, to mention only a few, embrace the Faith and find in the Church the truth they had long sought elsewhere. Ultimately it becomes a question of accepting or rejecting the claims the Catholic Church makes for herself and for Christ.

#### "See Thou Tell No One."

*In the Gospel for the Mass of the third Sunday after Epiphany, one of the incidents recorded is the cure of a leper. After the cure Our Lord said, "See thou tell no one." I have often wondered why this was enjoined.—F. A. T., DENVER, COL.*

Our Lord did not command that the man should conceal the fact of his cure. This would have been difficult if not impossible. That there was to be no concealment of the cure is evident from the command given the leper to show himself to the priests so that the cure could be confirmed in accordance with the prescriptions of the Mosaic Law. "See thou tell no one," enjoins the leper not to tell that his cure had been effected miraculously. On many other occasions and especially during His ministry in Galilee, Our Lord endeavored to conceal His miracles from the multitude. The reason for this was the mistaken conception the people had of the Messiah. They were looking forward to a temporal king who would free them from the yoke of Rome. This did not fit in with the divine plan of Atonement and Redemption. Christ knew that He had to die on the Cross. He fled from the multitude when they wished to make Him king.

The great public miracles, such as the feeding of the five thousand, could not be hidden. Still, His frequent injunction of silence and His avoidance of public demonstration of homage restrained the enthusiasm of the multitude and forestalled any mistakenly undertaken insurrection against the Roman government. All this indicated a higher and more mysterious plan than immediate political freedom for Israel. At the proper time, Christ was indeed to proclaim Himself a king, but He would also add, "My kingdom is not of this world." The miracles that Christ wrought were not only for His generation but for all generations to come that they might believe in Him and seek not merely political freedom but that "freedom, wherewith Christ has made us free." (Epistle to the Galatians, 4:31)

## The Center Party

Recently I read the following, "Dr. Bruening is the logical man to lead the 'good Germans' back into the fold of decent nations. Back of him are grouped the so-called rightists from the Catholic Center Party." What is the Catholic Center Party? What is the meaning of the phrase "so-called rightists"? Is the Center Party sponsored by the Catholic Church?—H. Z., SEWICKLEY, PA.

Before the establishment of the German Empire there were Catholic political parties in some of the independent German states. In 1858 the group of Catholics in the Prussian parliament took the name, Catholic Center Party. The designation "Center" was derived from the fact that the members of the group occupied the central section of the house.

During the Franco-Prussian War when it became evident that a federation of the German states into an empire under a Protestant monarch would be effected, a single Center Party was formed and elected several deputies to the first Reichstag. This party was welded into a strong organization under Ludwig Windthorst to fight Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*. Bismarck, like Hitler, wanted the state to rule supreme over the Church and took measures to put his Prussian philosophy into the law of the land. Unlike Hitler, Bismarck was not able to destroy all representative government. By 1878 the Center Party was so strong that Bismarck sued for its support and worked for the abrogation of the anti-Catholic laws he formerly supported.

It is true that Catholics constituted the great majority of the membership of the Center Party, but many non-Catholics belonged to it or supported its political policies. Clerical and lay Catholics supported the party but not solely because they were Catholics. They did so because they saw in the Center Party a means to protect the civil and religious rights of Germans and to serve as a bulwark against radical and revolutionary elements. The party was sponsored by German Catholics not by the Catholic Church.

Between the end of World War I and the advent of Hitler, the Center Party played a conspicuous part in German history. Unfortunately it was never strong enough to act alone, but it can be unhesitatingly stated that if its policies had been carried out Germany and the world would be better off today.

Herr Bruening became Chancellor in March 1930. At that time he was only forty-five years of age. His outstanding qualities had won him the leadership of the Center Party, but his days as Chancellor were to be troubled by economic instability and the rising Nazi tide. Von Hindenburg, aided not a little by the perfidious Von Papen, blocked Bruening's social reconstruction program, and finally he was forced to resign the Chancellorship in May 1932. Bruening and Von Papen. Strange contrast. Both Catholics and members of the Center Party. Von Papen sold out to Hitler and is still playing the Nazi game, how sincerely no one knows. He can be dismissed with the words of General von Schleicher, a victim of Hitler's purge which Papen himself narrowly missed, "He proved to be the kind of traitor beside whom Judas Iscariot is a saint." Herr Bruening retired without bowing to the Nazis, with his honor intact, and it is for this reason that many hope that he will have an opportunity to work for the reconstruction and redemption of postwar Germany.

It is not necessary to detail the sad history of Germany between the downfall of Bruening and the advent of Hitler as Chancellor in 1933. In the universal upheaval that marked the institution of the totalitarian Nazi state, the Center Party went under with the rest, but it was allowed to dissolve itself.

The terms "right" and "left" as referring to political groups is of European origin. They have many shades of meaning. In general "leftist" is taken to refer to those whose opinions are Socialistic or Communist, or at least tend in that direc-

tion. "Rightist" designates the more conservative attitudes. The Center Party could be called "rightist" in the sense that it opposed Socialism and radical revolution. It was not "rightist" in the way that the term is sometimes applied to the German industrialists, Junkers, and even to the Nazis. Evidently the writer of the quotation in the question was aware of the vagueness that often characterizes the use of these terms and indicated this by inserting "so-called."

## Marriage Without Witnesses

I have read with interest the answers in the "Sign Post" for December 1943 and January 1944 concerning marriage without the presence of a priest. Is it possible to have a valid marriage with neither the priest nor the witnesses present?—B. A., DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Church realizes that at certain times and places it may be difficult or impossible to comply with the full formalities required by her law for a valid matrimonial contract. The main difficulty contemplated is that of having a properly authorized priest as witness of the marriage. As explained in the "Sign Post" previously, Canon Law makes provision for this by permitting a marriage in the presence of two witnesses.

Further provision for extraordinary situations is made in canons 1043 and 1044, which grant to bishops and to priests, in certain circumstances when the bishop cannot be approached, the power to dispense with the form of matrimony. Since the form can be dispensed, this means that a marriage may be allowed with neither priest nor witnesses present. The limitation on this power to dispense is that it can be used only in danger of death. Such cases usually turn up in connection with the administration of the Last Sacraments when it is necessary to rectify invalid marriages or to regularize cohabitation which has perdured without any marriage ceremony. The reasons stated in the law for granting such a dispensation are very specific. They are as follows: to remove anxiety of conscience and, if there be need of it, to legitimate children.

While it is true that valid marriages in the eyes of the Church may be contracted in the situations contemplated by the above-mentioned canons without the presence of priest or witnesses, in practice a priest generally will be present, and it will be a question only of marrying without the ordinary witnesses.

## Change of Rite

As a member of one of the Oriental Rites of the Catholic Church what must I do to join the Latin Rite?—C. Z., BUFFALO, N. Y.

It is the desire of the Church that Catholics remain in the rite in which they were lawfully baptized. This is clearly set forth in the law of the Church. Canon 98 declares, "the clergy should not presume to induce either Catholics of the Latin Rite to join an Oriental Rite, or Catholics of Oriental Rites to join the Latin Rite."

It is recognized, however, that there may be cases when a change is advisable. By general law, a woman who belongs to a rite different from that of her husband is at liberty at the time of marriage or at any time during the marriage to join the rite of her husband. If her husband dies she is free to return to her own rite. Outside of this case, it is necessary to obtain permission from the Holy See to go from one rite to another or to return to the former rite after a legal transfer has been obtained.

A document setting forth the reasons for the desired transfer must be presented to the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church.





Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

### Poles and Ukrainians

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I disagree with the article by Francis S. Campbell in the March issue of *THE SIGN*. I don't think he treats the Ukrainians and Carpathians fairly. Mr. Campbell uses the term Ruthenian very loosely. Just what is meant by Ruthenian? It is a Latin word used in reference to all Slavs living in Mala Rus (little Russia) and refers to no certain race. So there is no such thing as a White Ruthenian or a little Ruthenian.

Ukrainians, Lithuanians, and Poles never in history lived together peacefully. Poland always invaded the rights of her neighbors. The Poles had little consideration for their brethren of the Eastern rite (Slav Byzantine) and at the close of World War I Poland persecuted the Ukrainians of the Greek Catholic rite. Priests and their families were murdered, churches, icons, vestments desecrated, even the Blessed Sacrament was desecrated by Polish troops in Galicia. Proof of all this was brought to Pope Pius XI of holy memory, by a Ukrainian seminarian studying in Rome. It was often said that if Ukraine became a separate Orthodox or Soviet State, Poland would be to blame.

Ukrainians are certainly not Russians, but they are nearer to Russians in language, religious sentiments, and customs than they are to the Poles. The Ukrainian language is much different from Polish both in alphabet, words, and pronunciations. At least the Russians use the same alphabet even though the words are pronounced harder.

Did Mr. Campbell ever consider having the Ukrainians govern themselves, or doesn't he think they are capable? Poland has no more right than Russia to take these lands.

To be subject to Rome does not mean to be subject to Poland (a so-called Roman Catholic state). When Western Ukraine declared its independence in 1919, the Holy See was the first to recognize its independence. Poland objected because it gave the Ukrainians a birth right to be free and a separate national group. Poland is for Poland, greedy and selfish. She wants the rich oil and wheat lands of the Ukraine for her own advancement. "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

His Excellency, Archbishop Shiptitsky (please notice the correct spelling; Mr. Campbell made it look like a Polish

name—Szeptycki) is a Ukrainian as well as was Saint Josaphat, martyr and bishop. The Poles often claim St. Josaphat as Polish even though he was of the Slav Greek rite. Of course, it is but natural for Metropolitan Shiptitsky's brother to be in the Polish army just as there are Irish in the British Army whether they want to be or not.

I love Rome, the Catholic Church, the Byzantine Slavic liturgy very much, and I don't care to see any of them run down in any manner, much less the Ukrainian people or nation.

Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN J. MOWATT

### REJOINDER BY MR. FRANCIS S. CAMPBELL

There are numerous points in Mr. Mowatt's letter which I can neither understand nor agree to. Certainly, I treat nowhere of the Carpathians, since they are a mountain chain, but I think that I have represented the just grievances of the Ukrainians in the Polish Republic. I was never enthusiastic about the minority policy of Poland and I openly said so in my article. Neither do I use the term "Ruthenian" loosely since I did not use it at all. I merely mentioned the unquestionable fact that some of the Ukrainians call themselves Ruthenians (Russinians). The expression "White Ruthenian" is perfectly legitimate; the term "Ruthenian" is the translation of the Polish (or Russian) noun "Rus" (in juxtaposition to "Rosjanin" or "Russki" which means *Russian*). It would be legitimate to speak about "Little Ruthenians" were it not for the fact that they style themselves Ukrainians and prefer it that way.

The Ukrainians in turn, as all other nations under the sun, have various dialects, customs, and affinities. The Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia are dialectically nearer to the Poles than to their fellow-Ukrainians in the Northwestern Caucasus (just as a Westphalian is linguistically nearer to the Dutch than to his fellow-German Bavarians). The Ukrainians of Galicia in addition are, like the Poles, under the primacy of Our Holy Father, while the Ukrainians of the Central and Eastern Ukraine are schismatics. We all believe that faith is far more important than ritual. Neither do I know of any papal recognition of the Z.U.N.R. (West Ukrainian People's Republic).

I knew Archbishop Szeptycki personally and I have friends who are well acquainted with the rest of his family. The parallel between General Szeptycki and the Irish who are pressed into the British Army is a very weak one because General Szeptycki was, prior to 1926, Polish Minister of War. There is nothing extraordinary in "drafting" members of unwilling minorities into any army, but to "conscript" them into the Cabinet would be something new to me. The whole Szeptycki family, with the exception of the Cardinal-Archbishop himself, consider themselves Polish. Neither did I feel compelled to concoct a transliteration from Cyrillic letters of the Archbishop's name as long as there exists a standard form in the Latin script which just happens to be Polish. The "Polish greed" for Ukrainian villages is no greater than the "Ukrainian greed" for Polish cities. Ukrainians and Poles are, whether they acknowledge it or not, brothers and cousins; from their quarrel third parties will reap full profit.

Yet I am perfectly sure, and here we come to the crux of the problem, that choosing between a new Poland and inclusion in the Soviet Union the vast majority of Ukrainians who were Polish citizens before 1939 would prefer Poland to the USSR. I do know that the Ukrainians prefer liberty to the control of Moscow or Warsaw but there is at the present moment not the slightest chance that a truly independent Ukraine may be established. I do not doubt for a moment that the *sum total* of all liberties is much greater under Polish than under Russian rule. The Ukrainian from East Galicia or Volhynia would enjoy a few more linguistic privileges

under Moscow, but he would have neither liberty of worship nor the right to property, nor a fairly free press, nor a dozen other fundamental rights which make life worth living. I am convinced that Ukrainians could rule themselves, but the problem we are facing today is a modicum of liberty for Western Ukrainians and Eastern Poles. They are so intermingled that their problem is one. They are both Catholics although of different rites. Their harmonious understanding is a Catholic problem which can be achieved only by charity and mutual esteem, not by incriminations and the revival of sterile, past memories. It is too late for such pastimes.

FRANCIS STUART CAMPBELL

### Service for Boys and Girls

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Having at one time assisted in editing a weekly column, I appreciate the problem involved in the selection of timely and interesting topics, but I feel that a page bearing the caption "Woman to Woman" should be based on a more important theme than a story of which Mrs. Burton herself says, "as a matter of fact, no clear-eyed observer could be affected by such a tale."

Although the subject of ironing has already been exhaustively discussed, I venture to add, as the mother of four vigorous boys, that ten to fifteen minutes for the ironing of a plain, little boy's shirt is beyond all reason. By no means a rapid ironer, I can do a fairly expert job on a man's shirt in a good deal less than fifteen minutes. At any rate, only a mentally defective woman would arrange her work so badly that she would have to iron twenty-two shirts at a fell swoop.

I agree with Mrs. Burton that the nobility of mothers for doing the thing which should make them happiest in all the world, working for those they love, is frequently lauded to the point of "silly sentimentality."

Had Mrs. Burton rested her case with the end of the story, I should have no fault to find beyond the fact of its relative unimportance; but, to deal with some members of our population, idlers who, I believe, constitute a very small minority, she suggests "that all our boys and girls be required to give a year's service to their government." This kind of proposal, for regimentation in service to the state, might not be shocking to those who find their inspiration for guidance in Mrs. Roosevelt's column, "My Day," but one hardly looks for that kind of thing from a writer in a Catholic monthly. And what does Mrs. Burton mean by the statement that "perhaps then this country would become more of a reality to such young people." There is no question, but that terra firma is a reality, but the reason why we love our country and prefer to live within its bounds, may lose their reality, precisely because too many persons with columns to fill, or radio time to cover, have heedlessly tossed ideological dynamite about, while those of us with little opportunity to be heard, are obliged to stand by, impotent.

Has Mrs. Burton never heard of a proposed national service act? Does she not realize that totalitarian governmental control is implied in her words? With the threat of federalizing our already highly centralized schools, does she not see the adverse effects of further trends away from family life? I should like to recommend for her consideration, some of the later chapters of Isabel Paterson's thoughtful work, *The God of the Machine*.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ANGELA HARRISON

### In Every Catholic Home

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am a monthly reader of THE SIGN and certainly enjoy all your articles. The excerpts inserted on the various pages are a big step forward. I hope this is continued in the future. I

enjoy your monthly "Stage and Screen" review and also your "Question Box." I find the latter very informative when talking with my non-Catholic friends. The cover of THE SIGN has certainly improved. If THE SIGN is to obtain national prominence, things current and things Catholic are the two things that will enable it to find a place in every Catholic home in America.

Hempstead, L. I.

WILLIAM E. BLAUVELT

### The Labor Question

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In a recent issue of THE SIGN I noted an interesting editorial relating to Labor, and being impressed with it, I forwarded it to Mr. Green, President of The American Federation of Labor, for his information and knowledge. Being a Catholic, I was glad to see THE SIGN, to which I subscribe and which I admire, take a sound and sane position on Labor. I therefore sent it to Mr. Green so that he would be aware of the same.

Mr. Green has answered my letter, which I am enclosing, as I thought you might like to see it.

Washington, D. C.

JOHN W. MCCORMICK

Honorable John W. McCormick,  
U. S. House of Representatives,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Congressman:

I thank you for your letter of recent date and for the copy of the editorial which was published in the February issue of THE SIGN, a national Catholic magazine. It was mighty fine of you to bring this editorial to my attention.

I am impressed with the fairness of the editorial, the reference it makes to organized labor, and to the progress which organized labor has made. If we were living in a world where human beings were perfect we might be able to establish a perfect organization of labor, but when you take into account that our movement is made up of imperfect human beings who live in an imperfect world, it would seem to any fair-minded person that labor has done mighty well in the administration of its affairs.

Washington, D. C.

W. GREEN,  
President

American Federation of Labor

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Noting in the last two issues of THE SIGN the majority of letters protesting your editorial on Westbrook Pegler, I must take up the cudgels on your behalf. The letter of "Soldier" is typical of the unreasoning and ignorant attitude toward labor so prevalent today.

The reason for these uninformed and biased opinions is due to the press of the country. Within the last quarter century we have had the growth of the "chain" newspaper. These chains are "big business" and by overemphasis or suppression of news, editorial opinions and feature writers of the Pegler stripe are presenting labor news with the same impartiality of a National Association of Manufacturers' labor views.

Pegler's one-sided diatribes have been published for a number of years and I am sorry that THE SIGN was so tardy in expressing its opinion of his tactics.

The Papal encyclicals on labor are a take-it-or-leave-it fare for too many Catholics. These encyclicals are as Catholic, Christian, and reasonable as the encyclicals on Atheistic Communism.

Organized labor is as honest a movement as organized medicine or the Bar Associations. But labor's sins and the misdeeds of its officers are news out of all proportion to its true value.

Union City, New Jersey.

CHARLES MCADAM



# Books



## THE LONG BALKAN NIGHT

By Leigh White. 473 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

There is a remarkable honesty in this book. Not that honest people are always right, but their average is pretty high. Leigh White began his career as foreign correspondent in the Spanish War on the side of the Loyalists. And he never fails to insert a plug for things anti-Franco in his coverage of the Balkans. Still he is not a fellow traveler. Indeed he dislikes Russification very much. His solution for the Balkan situation is the abolition of monarchy and the establishment of a federation founded on the democratic elements within the members.

It was in the spring of 1940 that White went to the Balkans. He was there for a year and a half as the correspondent of the Jewish Telegraph Agency. He was badly wounded by German bullets in Greece and underwent four operations before finally being allowed to leave for America. The book he has written is not news; it is history—the history of the festering politics, the intramural conflicts, the hates, the pogroms, the graft, the conspiracies that have riddled these volatile nations. And though the epilogue strikes a note of hope, the overall impression is one of pessimism. How can the United Nations even hope to solve the Balkan riddles?

MARION DUDLEY ATHERTON

## YOU AND YOUR CONGRESS

By Volta Torrey. 280 pages. William Morrow Company. \$3.00

This is an entertaining, instructive, and stimulating book. The author, a journalist of large experience and wide travels, tells a great many things, important and unimportant, about Congress and Congressmen. The peculiarities of some members of Congress and the strange ways they became Congressmen will entertain the reader. The workings of practical politics and the methods of practical politicians will instruct the reader. The ideas advanced for improving the present manner of electing members of Congress, changes suggested in regard to the qualifications of voters, and different ways that could be introduced for Congress to carry on its business of making laws, will provide the reader with many many topics for dis-

cussion and debate. Congress, at this time, is in the news. There is a great deal being written and a great deal more, being said about it. This book will provide the ordinary voter with information that will enable him to form a more realistic judgment of what a Congressman is, how he got his office and keeps it, what he is able to do with his power, and so on. If you intend to vote in the next Congressional election you will be able to do so more intelligently, or if you do not now intend to vote in the next such election, you are likely to change your mind after you have read *You and your Congress*.

PETER QUINN, C.P.

## NATIONAL PATRIOTISM IN PAPAL TEACHING

By John J. Wright. 358 pages. Newman. \$3.50

That complexus of persons and places, of forces both material and spiritual in which every person is born, grows, and lives, gives rise to what the author calls "the fact of fatherland." Patriotism is the virtue by which man loves his fatherland. Because of the claims this virtue makes on a man, because of the falsities that beset his concept of patriotism, many moral problems of utmost importance arise. The nature of this virtue and the solution of these problems in the light of Papal teaching is the scope of this excellent work. Divided into three steps, Doctor Wright treats first of the object of modern patriotism, then of the obligations involved, lastly of the practical problems of Catholics.

To call this scholarly book important is sheer understatement. There is little on this subject printed in English—a subject that clamors for better understanding. This fact alone should recommend this book. Its thoroughness and practicality render it imperative.

GEORGE B. MOORE

## THE LISTENING POST

By Thomas B. Morgan. 242 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00

## WHITE SMOKE OVER THE VATICAN

By Don Sharkey. 172 pages. Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.00

When a man has spent eighteen years of his life as a gentleman of the press sta-

tioned in the center of Christendom and then decides to write a book on his experiences, that book should be well worth reading. It is. Mr. Morgan is not a Catholic, but he writes with understanding and enthusiasm. He briefly outlines the development of the Pope's temporal power and reports at first hand on the settlement of the Roman Question. Like Camille Cienfara in his recent *The Vatican and the War*, he too gives the facts on the papal efforts for peace and emphasizes the need of utilizing papal diplomacy in world reconstruction.

Although without Mr. Morgan's background of firsthand experience, Mr. Sharkey in his book on the Vatican gives a great many items of information as well as clear, concise answers to many questions that puzzle Americans. Especially fine is his description of the physical and organizational structure of the Vatican as it is today. The liberal use of excellent illustrations complements the text nicely.

JAMES B. STEVENS

## USSR—THE STORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA

By Walter Duranty. 288 pages. J. B. Lippincott. \$3.00

Author Duranty "covered" Moscow for many years for the *New York Times* and in most circles has gained the reputation of leaning toward the Soviet regime. There is no reason to think that he has changed his views.

However, he does point out some significant facts which add up to proofs that the Soviet system of its very nature is running against human nature. The restoration of symbols of rank in the Red Army is the latest; nor could human nature be changed, when after the excesses of the Revolution ceased, marriage and private property, individual initiative and the home itself were still found to be of great value to the average man and woman. The fault in the Soviet system is that while they may come to recognize such social facts, they are doing little to advance them. Nor has the changed attitude toward religion made much impression upon observers who still can cite Article 121 of the Soviet Constitution prohibiting teaching of religion.

The author does not dwell long upon

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the martyrdom of Monsignor Butkevich in 1923, and when he does it is merely to cite the horror of the Soviets over their political blunder.

Long the number one Soviet favorite amongst foreign correspondents, Duranty told this reviewer twelve years ago that "as far as I'm concerned it's not the censorship that is a nuisance in this country but finding out what's going on and why." His scale of values, or his impregnation with Soviet callousness, was summed up in a single remark. When told that Stalin deliberately doomed some 3,000,000 peasants to death from starvation by withholding grain, Mr. Duranty said: "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

The book should be read in the light of such remarks. It is, withal, a quite smooth and journalistic version, still showing occasional effects of the author's early classic training in England.

JOHN O'CONNOR

#### A MODERN FOREIGN POLICY

By Joseph M. Jones. 94 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$1.35

Joseph M. Jones, an associate editor of *Fortune*, formerly of the State Department, has written a rather bitter little book. It treats first of what should be the basic principles on which our foreign policy should be built. With greater gusto, it next treats of the State Department. Both the machinery and the head personnel come under a critical attack. Lastly it pleads for more democracy in the conduct of our foreign affairs. It is Mr. Jones' contention that there should be greater co-operation by the State Department with Congress, that it should ultimately be more responsible to the desires of the people in formulating policy. This means radical reorganization, from the top down. All in all, it is a forceful appeal for more confidence in the people who have to do the fighting as well as the underwriting of any peace.

JOHN PIERCE

#### CONTEMPORARY ITALY

By Count Carlo Sforza. 430 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50

There are few Italians better qualified to speak authoritatively for their country than Count Sforza, whose ancestral roots go most deeply into Italy's past, and who had served his country with disinterested devotion in highest diplomatic missions covering many countries until he came to the United States as a political refugee.

This book is divided into seven parts, covering Italian intellectual and moral history from the Renaissance through the *Risorgimento*, through Croce, the contemporary "idealist" philosopher; Italian political and social life from the *Risorgimento* down through Fascism;

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contemporary and future Italian problems, which, as a true compatriot of Dante and Mazzini, and quite in opposition to the travesty created by Mussolini, the Count envisages as explicable and soluble only against European and world problems.

Covering so much territory and openly subjective in treatment, the book shows the inevitable limitations of such an exposition. Paradoxically enough, though Count Sforza, authentic Italian that he is, places all the solutions for Italy's troubles on the high moral plane on which they belong, he defends Machiavelli against the charges of political immorality (repeating a point of view already presented in his former book on the Florentine political theorist). I remember opposing a Fascist professor in Florence in 1938 for holding the identical thesis. Count Sforza follows Croce in his interpretation of Vico as an "idealist" philosopher; some of us prefer to see in Vico the Christian philosopher that Don Sturzo sees in him in *Church and State*. Pope Leo XIII's stature is greatly diminished in Count Sforza's book, but history will accord him a high place as the Pope who really foresaw and determined in his great encyclicals the course of Christian Democracy. With a touch of that Ghibellinism, which is the fruit of centuries of temporal power and which no Italian, not even a Catholic like Count Sforza, ever entirely escapes, the author of this book sadly overcolors the faults Pope Pius XI may have shown in dealing with Mussolini. Count Sforza does not like the Concordat, but since he rightly states that Italy is mostly Catholic (avoiding Salvemini's error of belittling the Italian people by calling them a nation of "idolaters"), he would be the first to insist on a friendly bilateral revision or abolishment of the Concordat (there is nothing sacrosanct about it, since it is only a *modus vivendi* between Church and state) for the highest interests and greatest welfare of the Italian people.

In this book, Don Sturzo appears justly as the great creative social reformer, statesman, and philosopher-historian that he is. One cannot help wondering whether Count Sforza had the opportunity of reading 'Don Sturzo's *The True Life* before writing his profound appreciation of the gifted priest; in it he would have found the spiritual sources for that greatness.

There are some errors of fact, such as the confusion of Christian Democracy with Modernism and the labeling of Don Murri (now reconciled to the Church) as a Modernist, which he never was. It was not Pope Pius XI who dissolved the Italian Popular Party; it was dissolved by Royal Decree on November 6, 1926; Don Sturzo, its founder,

has corrected that error made by Lionello Venturi, by Sforza here, and by others elsewhere in *Current History* of January 1944.

These are minor faults when set against the value of the book as a whole and the special value of those chapters that cover events of which the distinguished and far-seeing Italian has a firsthand and often exclusive knowledge. It is the tragedy of Italy and the whole world that evil men like Mussolini (on whom Count Sforza casts a pity that is more withering than scorn) should have come to power and have been kept there by an admiring, flattering world, while men of the caliber of Sturzo and Sforza should have been relegated to exile, unheeded and ridiculed as "politicians" or gloomy Casandras whenever they raised their voices to warn the world of the madness toward which it was whirling.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO

#### CHINA HANDBOOK 1937-1943

Compiled by the Chinese Ministry of Information. 956 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$5.00

This rather large but very compact handbook has been edited under the capable supervision of Mr. Hollington Tong, the Chinese Minister of Information. Supplying a long-felt need, its compilation is retroactive to the first days of the Sino-Japanese conflict, 1937-1943.

The handbook is a mine of information. It includes topographical, agricultural, economic, industrial data, complete chronological progress of the war in China since its inception, miscellaneous knowledge little known but valuable because of China's place in the present-day world setup. The publisher and editor, writer and speaker will have need of it. With Chinese thoroughness the volume covers the entire field of foreign mission activity, including the special laws made by the Chinese Government regarding missionaries of alien race—a lesson in understanding and tolerance. No finer reference book on China can be found.

BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

#### AS WE GO MARCHING

By John T. Flynn. 272 pages. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.00

This second book by the author of *Country Squire in the White House* is obviously intended as material for the anti-New Deal forces in the 1944 Presidential campaign. But only those who already have a definite antipathy for the policies of the present administration will be likely to agree with Mr. Flynn's thesis that what he calls Fascism is already entrenched in this country.

*As We Go Marching* is divided into three parts. The first is an analysis of

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what has been happening in Italy during the past fifty years; the second is an analysis of what has been going on in Germany over the same period; and the third is an attempt to show that the United States is already far along the road that Italy and Germany have traveled.

Mr. Flynn must be given credit for stating just what he thinks Fascism is. Most of those who talk about Fascism are careful not to define it; it is safe to say that they are conscious that if they were to do so people would see the kinship between Fascism and another form of totalitarianism not so feared and hated. Mr. Flynn describes a Fascist state as one in which the government is totalitarian, acts under a dictator, operates the capitalist system through an immense bureaucracy, has a corporative complexion, provides purchasing power by public spending and borrowing, sets up militarism as a mechanism for spending, and has imperialist designs.

Since no state in the world fulfills all these conditions, Mr. Flynn's thesis limps badly. But while his attempt to show that present-day America is becoming Fascist bogs down, his quotations of unkept promises from Democratic platforms and from Roosevelt speeches are timely.

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

#### SELFISHNESS AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

By John J. Reardon, C.P., Ph.D. 220 pages. Catholic University Press. \$2.00

Selfishness in popular estimation is generally looked upon as an unworthy but nevertheless quite minor fault. Father Reardon's study of this human failing reveals that it is far from minor. In fact, it is the source of all the evil in the world. Selfishness, the antithesis of legitimate or rightly ordered self-love, "is not a specific vice but is the basis of every vice. All love of self that departs from order implies the preference of man to God which is the definition of sin. Inordinate self-love is found in every sin."

An analysis of legitimate self-love and its opposite, inordinate self-love or selfishness, together with an exposition of their implications for man as a social being serve as a basis for this study in social philosophy. There follow chapters on the relationship of selfishness to the predominant social systems of modern times which have been classified under two general forms, democratic and totalitarian. Finally, the domestic, psychological, and ethical consequences of selfishness are treated.

We heartily recommend the study of this work to all who are interested in social philosophy. It will contribute to the broadening of the knowledge of

those who already know the fundamental principles of Thomistic philosophy upon which it is based. It could benefit others also. It could supply rational principles instead of sentiment to starry-eyed humanitarians. It could reveal the intellectual inconsistency of those who are so anti-Fascist in word but not so in thought, for they can accept the worst form of totalitarianism of all, Communism. It could reveal the danger of their position to those who talk much about democracy but advocate measures that will destroy it.

GABRIEL GORMAN, C.P.

### SAINT THEODORE OF CANTERBURY

By William Reany, D.D. 227 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$2.00

Here is a bit of hagiography that is unusually worthwhile. First of all, it directs our attention to a great saint who might otherwise have suffered eclipse by his predecessor in the See of Canterbury, St. Augustine—or by his younger contemporary, St. Bede the Venerable.

The high caliber of its historicity and its freedom from pious extravagance render this life of St. Theodore a welcome and valuable addition to the story of English Catholicism. St. Theodore—who hailed from Tarsus, the home town of St. Paul the Apostle—was the dominant figure in the English Church during its early establishment and consolidation. St. Augustine had brought the Faith to Britain. St. Theodore achieved a unified hierarchy and discipline. It was he who established most of the dioceses that Medieval Catholic England knew. The twenty-odd years of his archiepiscopacy were a period of very great progress for the Faith—years that saw remarkable strides made in diocesan organization, in the pursuit of ecclesiastical learning, the development of the Penitential discipline, and the growth of Monasticism. In all of this St. Theodore of Canterbury was the moving, guiding spirit. He must be regarded as one of England's greatest, most influential Saints.

JRA RICHARD STILL

### THE MAN FROM ROCCA SICCA

By Reginald M. Coffey, O.P. 147 pages. Bruce Publishing Company. \$1.75

While much has been written about the Angel of the Schools, the qualities that would show St. Thomas as more human, and hence more lovable and more appreciable, have more often than not been given too little consideration.

It was to highlight this human aspect of St. Thomas that Father Reginald Coffey, O.P., wrote *The Man From Rocca Sicca*. The result is happily a well-rounded picture of his brother Dominican.

Those who know a lot about the works

of St. Thomas, and not too much about their author, will appreciate Father Coffey's book. And those who know neither a lot about the works of St. Thomas, nor very much about St. Thomas himself, will be delighted in learning how human the Angel of the Schools was. For whether we know Count Aquino's son as a Man of Books, or as a Man of God, Father Coffey never lets his readers forget that St. Thomas was a human saint as well as the Angelic Doctor.

PAUL JOSEPH DIGNAN, C.P.

### MONGREL METTLE

By Jesse Stuart. 201 pages. E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50

Jesse Stuart, author of *Taps for Private Tussie*, has found time to write what is subtitled "The Autobiography of a Dog." The dog is Jerry-B Boneyard, mongrel, homely, without background or pedigree. From puppyhood he has known his life is to be hard. When his first mistress goes off to college, Jerry-B takes to the Kentucky woods. He gets a liberal sprinkling of birdshot when caught raiding a chicken coop. Fed by foxes, he runs with them once his wounds are healed. But in a dog's heart is the longing for human company. So back to civilization, a series of masters, and a wealth of reflections on "what strange creatures these mortals be." Perhaps that is what could be called social satire, as the publishers state. But I'd prefer to look on the book as a pretty good dog story, and let it go at that. After all, lots of social satire is printed and not enough good dog stories.

MARY A. DESMOND

### LAST FLIGHT FROM SINGAPORE

By Arthur G. Donahue, D.F.C. 169 pages. Macmillan. \$2.50

The manuscript of this book together with the photographs printed in it were found among the effects of the author, Arthur Gerald Donahue, American by birth, a flight lieutenant in the R.A.F. at death. For he is presumed to be dead, not having returned from patrol duty. Fully as exciting and inspiring as his first book, *Tally-Ho! Yankee in a Spitfire*, the present one tells of the R.A.F. in the South Pacific. In the fall of 1941 Donahue volunteered for overseas duty and was sent to Singapore in time to fight a hopeless battle. This book tells the story, tells it in a personal sort of way, and leaves you with the wish that it might have had a happier ending.

JANE CARROLL

### ONCE IN CORNWALL

By S. M. C. 179 pages. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00

Although this anonymous nun from England has written several books, the latest of which was *Children Under Fire*, perhaps the best loved of all was *Brother*

*Petroc's Return*. With a similar medieval setting, the present book is about the strange journey of Brother Peter. Brother Peter was a bit of a modernist. He had studied physical science in Germany and hotly resented the tales of dragons he heard told in the Dominican Priory of Truro in Cornwall. Commissioned to investigate these fables, he set out on his journey with hostile thoughts for companions. How these legends of saints and dragons Brother Peter heard effected a change of heart in him is the thread upon which these Cornish legends are so delicately strung. "Escapist" is not the adjective to use in describing this book; it doesn't tell enough. And "delightful" is too weak.

MARION L. STEVENS

### PUBLIC SPEAKING

By William A. Duffy and Francis A. Duffy. 338 pages. B. Herder. \$2.50

Rarely does one find in a single volume such a complete coverage of the basic principles of successful speaking. Fundamental principles of grammar and rhetoric, the rules of diction, logical organization of ideas, the physiology of the speech organs, proper vocal expression, physical behavior on the platform, the psychology of audience mastery—all these essential requirements of good speaking are found in this very useful volume.

The text is intended as a beginner's course in public speaking for either high school or college. This reviewer doubts whether it would be an ideal text for such groups, as it would entail overlapping with the English department. It would be a more suitable text for students of public speaking who are not registered in a formal English course. It is, however, a valuable manual of reference for all students of speech.

LUKE MISSETT, C.P.

### SMARTER AND SMOOTHER

By Maureen Daly. 197 pages. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00

At long last Miss Daly has come forth with another work, as refreshing and attractive as her now famous *Seventeenth Summer*. Actually a group of essays on "how to be that way," (smoother and smarter), the book is a handbook of helpful hints for girls and boys in high school, academy, and prep—and such college frosh as are left these days.

While addressed primarily to the "coke crowd," it is nevertheless jammed with common sense and sound Christian doctrine, lightly covered with a breezy style designed to appeal to the ear as much as to the eye. Her sane, cool advice on conduct while on a date, balanced weeks, consideration for parents or the shabbily dressed kid in the next aisle, is written from the viewpoint of one



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not too far from school days herself. There is sincerity in every line.

The publisher states that the book is intended for older boys and girls. Nonsense! Teachers and parents would do well to read it and pass it on, directly and indirectly. We could certainly do with smarter people today—and the crudeness all about us especially among the youth, shows a great need for what the author calls "smoothness," which is just good manners and decent behavior.

JOHN O'CONNOR

**THE EUCHARIST**

By François Mauriac. 75 pages. Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.50

"The Eucharist is what is most real in the world." With this as his central truth, Mauriac weaves about it a tapestry of mediation which for sheer loveliness vies with the finest of the literature on the Blessed Sacrament. Holy Thursday is the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament, and on the whole of that day's liturgy Mauriac writes with great depth of religious perception. One cannot read without being moved. Yet not for the Catholic was this book primarily written. "I have been thinking of the non-Catholic reader, of the hostile or indifferent man who, perhaps, will thumb this little book only because my name is known to him." Who knows what comfort, what vision this little book will bring him!

LOUISE SULLIVAN

**CONCISE CATHOLIC DICTIONARY**

Compiled by Robert C. Broderick. 195 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.00

There has been a need for a handy reference work, not too detailed, not too technical, not too expensive, in which information on things Catholic can be readily found. This dictionary (and it is precisely a dictionary with some nineteen hundred Catholic terms) satisfies this need quite expertly. Together with the appendices, which list the Ecumenical Councils and the more important doctrines each defined, the line of Roman Pontiffs, common ecclesiastical abbreviations, and foreign words and phrases, the ensemble should be of great value in Catholic home, library, or school use.

JOHN PIERCE

**RACE: NATION: PERSON**

Edited by G. Barry O'Toole. 436 pages. Barnes & Noble. \$5.75

This symposium of ten monographs edited by the recently deceased Barry O'Toole was written and assembled, as the late Bishop Joseph M. Corrigan, Rector of Catholic University, has written in the preface, in response to the Holy See's request in 1938 to combat the racist and nationalist errors so widespread today. Race is considered from the standpoint of the social sciences;

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nation as a related concept of race in its ethnic sense; and finally person as the Christian basis for the dignity and inviolability of the individual. The ensemble is a scholarly expression of Christian social philosophy, with contributions by such renowned students as Don Luigi Sturzo, Yves de la Brière, Joseph Delos, and Anton Pegis. Three of the monographs had to be published anonymously lest harm befall their European authors.

CHARLES F. LANDRY

### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

*Edited by Otto Klineberg. 409 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$4.00*

In this, the final volume of the Negro in American Life Series, several monographs resulting from the study directed by Dr. Gunnar Myrdal and sponsored financially by the Carnegie Corporation of New York are gathered together. The traditional ideas concerning the Negro race are critically examined and scientifically tested in regard to Negro intelligence, personality, attitudes, etc. A scholarly work, it will have but limited appeal for the general reader, but great worth for the professional sociologist. Its sober conclusions are: there is no proof that there is any fundamental, inherited intellectual differences between Negro and white and no complete demonstration that they are alike; it is not proved that racial intermixture is biologically harmful, while the evidence points against any essential inferiority of the hybrid; there are differences between blacks and whites, but their most logical explanation is to be found in the variations in their living conditions and the difference of opportunity.

FRANK MITCHELL

### 13 AGAINST THE ODDS

*By Edwin R. Embree. 261 pages. The Viking Press. \$2.75*

It is ten years now since Mr. Embree published his study of the Negro, which was brought out last year in a new edition called *Brown Americans*. This is a fitting sequel. It proves in the concrete examples of thirteen brown careers the thesis he has ever maintained—the Negro given equal opportunity is capable of at least equal achievement.

Not that equal opportunities were given each of these thirteen persons whose lives are described in this work. The late George Washington Carver was born in slavery. Joe Louis struggled to the top from the streets of Detroit. Paul Robeson was the son of a runaway slave. And Mary McLeod Bethune was one of seventeen children on a South Carolinian plantation. But each of these thirteen has risen to the top in his particular field. Each is a pioneer who has

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faced the same obstacles as his white contemporaries, plus the greater handicaps of prejudice, illiteracy, and discrimination.

These thirteen were chosen from a poll of two hundred persons who know the group best. The point in their lives stressed by the author is their Americanism. "They are flesh and blood and spirit of the great democratic adventure in the New World."

What makes these sketches the more effective is that Mr. Embree has presented biographies, not eulogies.

MARION DUDLEY ATHERTON

### THE CURTAIN RISES

By Quentin Reynolds. 353 pages. Random House. \$2.75

Collier's correspondent Reynolds has written an exuberant sequel to *Dress Rehearsal*. A man of great enthusiasms, he is fervid in his admiration of the U. S. Army, the efficiency of the British Eighth, as well as a whole conglomeration of people too many to catalogue. And he simply can't say too much in praise of the Russians, to whom he devotes almost half the book. Incidentally, he has some very interesting things to say on religion in Russia—and he concludes, "to kill faith is like trying to punch a hole in a pillow."

Despite the Russian interlude—or rhapsody if you prefer—the book does manage to cover a lot of ground: from Miami Beach to Russia, from Moscow to Africa and the preparation for D Day in Sicily, from bloody Salerno to life-as-usual New York. Vivid as ever in his reporting, he has written a remarkably readable work. Whether you agree with Reynolds or not in the book, you may find yourself having to agree with Reynolds' own opinion about the book, as printed on the blurb, "I like the book a lot."

DAVID BULMAN, C.F.

### MY LIFE WITH THE ENEMY

By Phyllis Argall. 290 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00

*My Life with the Enemy* is the autobiography of a teacher, missionary, and newspaper woman who has lived in Japan nearly all her life. In this book she tells her whole story from childhood. *My Life with the Enemy* is the autobiography of a woman who has lived in Japan nearly all her life. In this book she tells her whole story from childhood. *My Life with the Enemy* is the autobiography of a woman who has lived in Japan nearly all her life. In this book she tells her whole story from childhood. These "Immoderate Moderates" (composed mostly of high Navy officials and



the older group of the Army), approached Ambassador Grew seeking the approval of the United States Government. The United States Ambassador said, "No." Thus the plot fell through, and the Japanese fleet, which somehow got word of the plot, sailed into Tokyo Bay in readiness.

At the outbreak of war, Miss Argall was imprisoned in Japan. She returned on the first trip of the *Gripsholm* to the United States. It's a pity the author does not tell us more about what a world at war is most interested to hear: wartime Japan.

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

## STANDING ROOM ONLY

By Elizabeth Fowler. 195 pages. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00  
Even one sunk in the depths of an armchair can be almost physically impressed by Elizabeth Fowler's story of ten days in a lifeboat. When Mrs. Fowler obtained passage to America from Africa on a rickety United States merchant ship, she realized the possibility of danger. Probably, however, as much as women love to play-act, few would take Mrs. Fowler's place in the crowded bow of that crippled boat, where notorious thugs of the sea protected her, fought over her, and violently resented her.

Without having recourse to extensive psychological analysis of her thirty-four male companions, the author succeeds in telling of ten relatively uneventful days with a sustained enthusiasm and a meticulousness for enlivening detail. She makes herself a reporter only and she tells exactly what happened. Indeed, it is when she departs from her objective account that we encounter the personality of individual opinion, and it seems peculiarly out of place on the wide sea. The outstanding example is in Mrs. Fowler's seeming fascination by religion and her determination to mock it.

Excepting a few clichés, Mrs. Fowler's diction is vividly original and, occasionally, beautiful. It is always obvious that the pen is a feminine one and women will, for that reason, enjoy equally with men, this unpretty, grim, thrilling tale.

MARILYN J. GILLOON

## REVIEWERS

MARION DUDLEY ATHERTON, literary critic and student of European affairs, lives in a suburb of Boston.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO is Associate Professor and Head of the Department of Italian at Bryn Mawr College.

REV. RONALD NORRIS, C.P., Chinese Missionary returned to this country on the *Gripsholm*, is engaged in lecturing.

JOHN O'CONNOR, who writes the syndicated column *Literary Cavalcade*, teaches government and economics at Brooklyn Preparatory in Brooklyn.

REV. IRA RICHARD STILL, priest of the diocese of Cleveland, is engaged in parish work in Akron, Ohio.

# Fiction in Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

## The Razor's Edge by W. Somerset Maugham

► An American aviator returns from World War I and is unable to settle down to a life of money-making and social pleasures. He tells his fiancée that he must go on a spiritual quest. This puzzles the poor creature and stupefies her relatives and friends. Conveniently in possession of a comfortable income, the young man goes to Paris, hires a room in a frowzy hotel, spends eight to ten hours a day reading French literature, Latin, Greek, and is thus launched on his search.

For awhile it appears as if Catholicism may provide him with the answers he seeks. He meets a number of Catholics, all labeled "devout." They are, in order: a silly, hedonistic old woman who happens to be male; a drunken, licentious, foul-mouthed Pole; a dour, ignorant, and hungrily sensual widow. He visits a Benedictine monastery, the monks of which are stumped by his queries.

The answers to his problems he finds in India. Light dawns in his mind when he sees a naked old man standing in the Ganges and worshipping the rising sun. Yogis complete the job of his conversion to pagan stoicism and fatalism. He returns to the United States, resolved to buy a taxi and do missionary work up and down the country. Mr. Maugham is serving as his evangelist, surely a piece of bad casting.

This is the core of an inchoate, overpopulated novel which reads as if, on both its social side and its doctrine, Mr. Maugham had invited Elsa Maxwell to be his collaborator. I cannot begin to name, much less outline the adventures of the other characters. Suffice it to say that they impress one as ill-met remnants from such diverse works as *Of Human Bondage* and Mr. Maugham's drawing-room comedies.

What is of peculiar interest in this jumbled and verbose "message" is Mr. Maugham's criticism of Christianity. Doubtless, the cynical and blasphemous references to Christ are supposed to shock the pious reader. Certainly the attempted exposé of the intellectual

emptiness of Christianity will amuse the thinking reader.

To take one of many examples, Christianity is said to have laid on mankind the bitter burden of the sense of sin. This is historically untrue. To see how untrue it is, one has only to read casually in the Old Testament. Again, it is said that God created evil and that man is doomed by God to perpetrate evil, then penalized. This is not Christianity; it is the crippling, deterministic doctrine of the sixteenth-century perverters of pristine Christianity. "If I trained a dog to fly at the throat of any stranger who came into my back yard, it wouldn't be fair to beat him when he did so," says one of the characters, by way of proving how unfair it is of God to punish us for sin. But God did not train us to commit sin. Giving us the sovereign gift of freedom, He could not prevent us from misusing it without withdrawing the very gift itself. He warned us against sin, told us of the retribution which follows it, bestowed on us powerful aids for avoiding it. He could not do more or otherwise without destroying our freedom. Implicit in the teaching which Mr. Maugham's pilgrim accepts is the denial of human freedom and the destruction of human personality. Also involved is the abandonment of rationality, as in the Yogi answer to the problem of evil: that life is a game and evil a necessary factor in the game. Meaning what? Meaning nothing.

*The Razor's Edge* requires a different kind of handling from what the reviewer gives most novels because, as its jacket announces, it presents "a faith." As a novel it is a sometimes graceful botch. As an evangel it is an intellectually sterile and morally nihilistic monstrosity. (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.75)

## What Became of Anna Bolton by Louis Bromfield

► What became of Louis Bromfield, the promising novelist of many years ago? In this fatuous quickie there is no trace of the noteworthy writer he once seemed certain to become.

Anna Bolton was originally Annie

## CLUB LETTER

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Meet the gang! Can't you almost hear them laughing? What do you suppose the priest with the camera told them that tickled them so much? They certainly must like him.



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You can understand why our missionaries refuse to give up, no matter what the odds, when they see how their labors bring such prizes into the loving arms of Christ. Don't forget your pennies. They help tremendously. God bless you!

Sincerely yours in Christ!

*Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.*

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.

Name .....

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Scanlon, an attractive redhead from the wrong side of the tracks in Lewisburg, Ohio. She married Tom Harrigan, had a son, then lost both of them. She next married a wealthy man named Bolton, who died and left her rich. She bought her way to notoriety in London and Paris. Caught in Paris by the on-sweeping Nazis, she fled the city. A French officer made her return to Paris with his dead wife and unhurt infant son. The officer looked exactly like Tom Harrigan; the baby looked exactly like Tom's son. This strange circumstance naturally reformed the giddy Anna. She stayed in France awhile, living simply, helping the stricken people and the tormented refugees from other countries. Finally the officer smuggled her and his son to Northern Africa just in time for the Allied invasion. Anna and the officer were married. Preposterous is the word. (Harper. \$2.50)

**Canal Town** by Samuel Hopkins Adams

► Palmyra, New York, in 1820, is the scene of this robust story of true love, thwarted passion, and contagious disease. Novels about doctors are extremely popular, as witness Kildare, M.D., and his white-jacketed fellows. Novels about the early days of the Erie Canal are popular, as witness the royalties earned by Walter Edmonds. Mr. Adams has cannily combined the two, giving us a stalwart and adventurous medico hanging out his shingle in a rude community intent on the digging of the great ditch.

The result is passable, if not so deep as the Canal. The setting is colorful, the characters conventionally unconventional, the speech quaint and peppery. Mr. Adams takes pains to see that there are enough raw spots to satisfy the prurient. His plot is a creaking affair, depending for its climax on an incident which, if unusual, is too weak to carry the weight put upon it. Where the novel takes on interest and stature is in its treatment of a progressive doctor's struggles and sufferings in trying to help ignorant and suspicious people by the use of new techniques. (Random House. \$2.75)

**Hotel Berlin '43** by Vicki Baum

► In a Berlin hotel, in 1943, are gathered a pampered actress; a discredited general; an interned English author doing propaganda broadcasts for Goebbels; a German dramatist who has sold out to the Nazis; a shattered young flier; a prostitute; a representative of the foreign office; businessmen from Holland, Turkey, and Sweden; Gestapo agents, etc. A young man sought by the Gestapo is known to be in the hotel.

With considerable adroitness, Miss Baum makes the lives of these characters impinge on one another as the German

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dream of victory fades and Allied bombs cascade upon the city. The whole undertaking smacks of artificiality and is deliberately spiced with sensationalism, but the author proves herself no mean hand at fashioning something almost, if not quite, substantial out of mediocre ingredients. When Miss Baum is trying to define and illustrate the strange twist in the German character which has proved so disastrous to Germany and the world; she persuades one to accord her a respect which one never before felt tempted to give.

(Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

**Blessed Are the Meek** by Zofia Kossak

► This is advertised as "a novel about St. Francis of Assisi." Actually St. Francis is but one of numerous principals, and he is neither profoundly studied nor successfully depicted. Mme. Kossak's many-sketched story deals with Europe and the Near East in the thirteenth century. It is historical fiction of a superior sort, based on a wide and critical knowledge of the times, peopled with believable human beings, and soundly constructed. Some minor liberties are taken with historical fact, but these are immaterial in view of the author's insight into the spirit and the genius of the period. Perhaps the reader will be most interested in the love affair of Jean de Brienne and Blanche of Champagne. If he knows anything of St. Francis, he will not be satisfied with the bearded Pollyanna which Mme. Kossak makes him out. There is nothing about this eupeptic caper to suggest the stigmata or any reason for them. The translation is only fair. (Roy. \$3.00)

**Wedding Day** by Edwa Moser

► Mary Fersen's wedding day brought crises in the lives of all the members of her family. Her mother and father were reconciled after years of estrangement. Her sister finally married the man with whom she had been living. Her brother was probably captured on Corregidor by the Japanese. Mary herself was abducted by an aviator whom she thought she loved, but she found out during a hectic few hours that she did not love him, and was happily home in time to be married to another man. Whew!

Mrs. Moser's story, while competently written and occasionally illuminated by discernment in analyzing human relations, is exhausting and more than slightly incredible because of its concentration and tension. Essentially, it is commonplace and not particularly interesting. The device used to quicken it and bring it to dramatic pitch is unconvincing.

(Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50)

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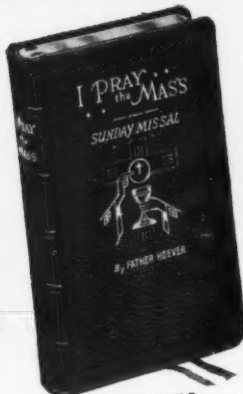
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### PRAYER

33

on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus Christ, art most high, together with the Holy Spirit ✠ in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The Priest kisses the Altar, and, turning to the people, says:

P. The Lord be with you.  
S. And with thy spirit.



At the right side of the Altar he says:

P. Let us pray.

### PRAYER

● Turn to — **PRAYER — Today's Mass.** ●

After having read the Prayer, follow the **ARROW (→)** and continue to read Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia or Tract.

The Priest returns to the center of the Altar and, bowing down, says:

Prayer: **CLEANSE MY HEART**

**C**LEANSE my heart and my lips,  
O Almighty God, who didst  
cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias  
with a burning coal; and vouchsafe,  
through Thy gracious mercy, so to

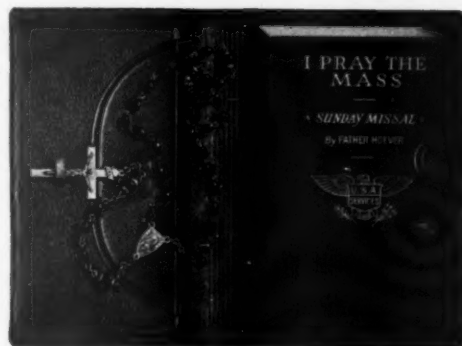
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